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KING'S COLLEGE, London.—The DEPARTMENT of ENGINEERING, ARTS, and MANUFACTURES; and of ARCHITECTURE, will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, the 3rd of October. Further information may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.
Students may reside in the houses of gentlemen connected with the College. A prospectus will be forwarded by post upon application to the Secretary.
Sept. 24, 1843. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—DEPARTMENT of GENERAL LITERATURE and SCIENCE.—The COURSE of LECTURES for the Matriculated Students will commence on Tuesday, the 3rd of October.
DIVINITY.—The Rev. the Principal and the Rev. the Chaplain.
MATHEMATICS.—Professor the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Tutor, Rev. T. A. Cock, M.A.
CLASSICS.—Professor the Rev. R. W. Browne, M.A.; Tutor, Rev. J. Brewer, M.A.
ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Professor the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.

The classes for private instruction in the Hebrew, Oriental, and modern foreign languages, under the direction of Professors M. Cant, J. Emerson, J. Grassers, Bernays, Rossetti, and De Villahors, will also be resumed on the same day.
Chambers are provided for matriculated Students desirous of residing in the College; and some of the Professors and Gentlemen connected with the College receive Students into their houses.
Further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.
August, 1843. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

CHEMISTRY.

PROFESSOR DANIELL will commence his Course of LECTURES and DEMONSTRATIONS on the THEORY and PRACTICE of CHEMISTRY, on THURSDAY, the 10th October, at 10 o'clock precisely; to be continued on each succeeding Friday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to the end of April.
Gentlemen, who are not Students of the College, may attend these lectures.
Further particulars, as well as a Prospectus, may be obtained upon application at the Office.
Sept. 27, 1843. J. LONSDALE, Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS, Session 1843-44.—The Session will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 16, when Prof. BROOKE will deliver an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 10 o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.
LATIN.—Professor Long, A.M.
GREEK.—Professor Malden, A.M.
HEBREW.—Professor Hurwitz.
ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—Professor Falconer, A.M.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Prof. Latham, A.M.
FRENCH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Prof. Merlet.
ITALIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—Prof. Popoli.
GERMAN LANGUAGE.—Teacher, Mr. Wittich.
COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.—Professor Key, A.M.
MATHEMATICS.—Professor De Morgan.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY and ASTRONOMY.—Prof. Brooke.
CHEMISTRY.—Professor Graham.
CIVIL ENGINEERING.—Professor Vignoles.
ARCHITECTURE.—Professor Donaldson.
GEOLOGY.—Professor Webster, F.G.S.
DRAWING in its various branches.—Teacher, Mr. Moore.
BOTANY.—Professor Lindley, F.R.S.
ZOOLOGY, Recent and Fossil.—Professor Grant, M.D.
PHILOSOPHY of MIND and LOGIC.—Professor the Rev. J. Hopkin, Ph.D.
ANCIENT and MODERN HISTORY.—Professor Cressy, A.M.
LAW.—Professor Carey, A.M.
JURISPRUDENCE.—Graves, A.M.
RESIDENCE of STUDENTS.—Several of the Professors, and some of the Masters of the Junior School, receive students to live with them; and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties unconnected with the College who receive boarders into their families; among these are several medical gentlemen. The register will contain references as to respectability, terms, and other particulars.

FLAHERTY SCHOLARSHIPS.—A Flaherty Scholarship of 50l. per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded in 1844 to the best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy among the Students of the College under the age of 20 years. The examination will take place in the second week in January. A similar Scholarship for proficiency in Classics will be awarded in 1845, and in subsequent years, alternately, for proficiency in Classics, and in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
Printed copies of the Regulations concerning the Scholarships may be had on application at the office.
The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 2nd of October.
The Junior School opens on the 25th September.
Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.—September, 1843.

GEORGE LONG, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

MR. NORTH will commence his next Course of LECTURES on MIDWINTER and the DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN, at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL School of Medicine, on TUESDAY, the 3rd of October, at 10 o'clock.—For particulars apply to the Secretary, at the Hospital; or to Mr. North, 15, King-street, Portman-square.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1843.

REVIEWS

History of Letter Writing, from the Earliest Period to the Fifteenth Century. By W. Roberts, Esq. Pickering.

THE history of letter writing might be taken as one mode of illustrating the history of mankind, and a surer test of the progress of civilization can hardly be selected than the greater or less development of this useful art: for art it is. The desire to communicate with distant friends must have arisen with the first separation of families; and occasional attempts to effect some correspondence must have been made before the invention either of alphabets or of regular roads. The frequency, however, and the fulness of this interchange of thought, must have depended jointly upon the possession of a facile and manageable alphabet, and of some tolerable roads with habitations at accessible distances along them. In the first of these necessities is implied the discovery of a light and pliant material for receiving the character, for the rounded or cursive form of letters is closely dependent on the possession of a substance that yields to a rapid motion of the hand. The discovery of paper (whatever may have been the matter of which it was composed) was a great epoch in the history of letter writing, and was a marvellous "easement" to the "absent lover" and the anxious friend. As long, however, as the means of transit continued uncertain and irregular, there was no temptation to writing for trivial purposes; and letters forwarded by special couriers would inevitably be confined to important communications. The establishment of regular posts must have early followed that of extended empires, when military necessities could not fail to turn attention to the means of constant communication with outlying provinces and distant armies. They may even have existed anterior to the invention of alphabets; for not only might verbal communications be thus maintained, but many conventional symbols, less precise than letters, but still sufficiently indicative, might be sent along an established line. The Peruvian government received drawings of the Spaniards, their ships, and arms, immediately on the arrival of those invaders at the coast,—the earliest specimens, we believe, of an "illustrated news." The quipu was another symbolical instrument. The poppy heads of Tarquin were yet ruder, but not less significant expressions of a sentiment. Particular signs, previously agreed on, would supply much military intelligence, without risk of its being intelligible if betrayed by the fortune of war, or the messenger, to the enemy. In early Greece, such a sign was the astragalus, which was broken in twain, and divided by host and guest at parting, as a token between them for the renewal of reciprocal hospitality personally (and probably by their recommendees). It is further probable, that even after the use of alphabets a symbology, answering the purpose of a cipher, was in request for military correspondence. Such resources, however, are excessively limited in their applicability; and the invention of alphabetic writing must have preceded anything approaching to an extensive interchange of ideas.

It is needless to add, that a permanent government and peaceable rule are indispensable adjuncts to the material causes of a frequent epistolary correspondence. Such is the theory of the subject considered from its *à priori* side, and experience seems pretty accurately to agree in its results. On the other hand, the same diffused civilization, which gave birth to the mechanical facilities of intercourse, developed the occasions for frequent letter writing; and after military

and state letters, commercial correspondence may be ranged the earliest in the chronological series. A familiar interchange by letter of personal sentiments and domestic intelligence among private friends, was, in point of fact, a practice of late date in all nations. But the art of letter writing, like all other arts, must have been the result of use and practice. An interchange of state papers must have had its conventional style; and the epistolary treatises of literary correspondents could not but have all the stiffness and formality of professional writing. It was not till trifles came to be discussed, that the easy, graceful, unornamented, but beautiful simplicity of true letter writing could have found an existence. Cicero was perhaps the first Roman who habitually corresponded in any frequency with his friends; and he seems to have been really the first to have reduced the practice to form and elegance. In the stiff and awkward letters of our own ancestors, with their long-winded directions, and more long-winded compliments, we have a vivid picture of the difficulty with which the practice of letter writing is accomplished by the unfrequent correspondent. There is not, perhaps, a more curious phenomenon in literature, than the graceful facility of Madame de Sévigné, whose contemporaries, whether nobles or pedants, were such pompous letter writers.

When once the practice of letter writing became common, the fitness of the epistolary form for the purposes of fiction could not fail to strike; and either as the base of a narrative, or as a mere exercise in the art, the composition of letters supposed to have passed to and from historical personages, became a recognized branch of the lighter literature. The more remote the antiquity of the supposed correspondents, the greater scope was left for the exercise of imagination, both as to facts and sentiments: such would, therefore, be preferably selected. Accordingly, many specimens of this genus existed in Greek literature; and the consequence has been that our author, who follows a chronological order in his illustrations, begins his work with a practical bull,—namely, the account of fabricated letters, which are, of course, no letters at all, but mere literary *jeux d'esprit*. The first of these which occurs are the letters attributed to Phalaris, about which so fierce a controversy once raged. Mr. Roberts (after two or three preliminary chapters on the subjects we have touched upon) commences his account of these letters with a bird's eye view of the debated points of the Bentley controversy, and then subjoins translated specimens of the forgery. He next proceeds to the Pythagorean correspondence, in our opinion still more obviously spurious. He has then a chapter on the letters of Themistocles, Socrates, Xenophon, and other Greeks, ending with Alciphron's epistles, which have no claim to a place in this collection. Then follow Genuine Heathen Greek Epistles—Early letter writing among the Romans—Letters of Cicero—of Augustus Caesar—Seneca—the Younger Pliny—Letter writing from Pliny to the time of Philostratus (who flourished under Septimus Severus)—thence to the time of Libanius—and from the time of Libanius to that of Sidonius Apollinaris, which closes the volume. To give even the slightest account of the matter contained in seven hundred closely-printed pages would far exceed our limits. It is sufficient to say that the subject is worked out by striking specimens, and occasional comments and illustrations; and that the latter portion of the volume assumes a most decided religious character, as containing the correspondence of the Fathers, on which the author delights to expatiate. As a learned and miscellaneous

compilation, the volume is generally commendable, but it is insufferably heavy reading. As a library book, for an occasional dip, or for consultation, it will be more acceptable; but they who expect in it a critical or æsthetic treatise on epistolary style, and the more celebrated letter writers in different ages, will be disappointed. That branch of the subject, however, may be reserved for future publication.

Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries: with Notes, by Sir H. Ellis. Printed for the Camden Society.

For those who delight in bibliographical lore, here is information concerning Camden's "Britannia"—the wonder of its age,—and Sir Robert Cotton's noble collection of manuscripts. In the earlier part of the work the reader will find the letters of Cheke and Gilpin, Ascham, Nowell, Bodley, and Usher; while in the latter portion the familiar names of Tillotson, Prior, De Foe, Swift, Steele, Lardner, Cumberland, and Franklin, come laden with rich, and, in some instances, well-redeemed promise.

The College letters of Strype let us into the domestic economy of a Cambridge student in the reign of Charles the Second. They are addressed to his mother, and form a strange contrast to the letters of "university men" of our own days. The trifling sums on which men maintained themselves at College, and the difficulty many had in mustering even the small amount necessary, will surprise many of our readers. Strype thus writes to his mother about his Commons, which means (we explain for the benefit of the uninitiated) the eating and drinking department of College life:—

"Do not wonder so much at our Commons: they are more than many Colleges have. Trinity itself (where Herring and Davies are) which is the famous College in the University, have but three half-pence. We have roast meat, dinner and supper, throughout the week; and such meate as you know I not use to care for; and that is Veal: but now I have learnt to eat it. Sometimes, nevertheless, we have boiled meat, with pottage; and beef and mutton, which I am glad of; except Fridays and Saturdays, and sometimes Wednesdays; which days we have Fish at dinner, and tansy or pudding for supper. Our parts then are slender enough. But there is this remedy; we may retire unto the Butteries, and there take a half-penny loafe and butter or cheese; or else to the Kitchen, and take there what the Cook hath. But, for my part, I am sure, I never visited the Kitchen yet, since I have been here, and the Butteries but seldom after meals; unless for a Ciza, that is for a Farthing-worth of Small-Beer: so that lesse than a Penny in Beer doth serve me a whole Day."

Notwithstanding a gala day—"an exceeding" as they called it,—now and then, poor Strype begs hard of his mother for one or two delicacies—"a cake and a cheese, and a neat's tongue, or some such thing," if it would not require too much money." "If you are not too straight of money," he writes again, "send me some Orange pills by the woman and a pound or two of almonds and raisins." He thus gives an account of his mode of life:—

"We go twice a day to Chapel; in the morning about 7, and in the Evening about 5. After we come from Chapel in the morning, which is towards 8, we go to the Butteries for our breakfast, which usually is five Farthings; an halfpenny loaf and butter, and a cize of beer. But sometimes I go to an honest House near the College, and have a pint of milk boiled for my breakfast."

We think under-graduates of our days would shrink from the strict rendering of accounts required of the great annalist:—

"I know you expect I should tell you what is become of the money I brought along with me: and I will gladly satisfy you in any thing. Some of it is yet remaining in my hands for use; and I question not but you are well contented I should have some-

thing laying by mee against necessity. Ten Shillings you know I paid out of it for the Horse I came from London upon. Another 10^s I gave to my taylor in part of payment for making my Sute. More of it went for Books, whereupon you see noe Books in my Bill. The remainder you may conclude is in my custody. Excuse, I beseech you, the largeness of my taylor's Account, and it shall be less for the future. Bed-maker and Laundresse are set down for a whole Quarter: whereas I was absent a Month: so that what my Laundresse hath had overplus the last Quarter, shall be abated her for so much of this Quarter; and so I have turned her off: besides her loosing my linnen and washing dirtily, she hath also grossly abused me, and one or two others; but when all comes to all, hath worst of all abused and be-sooted herself: and all for a trifle, and most unjustly."

Nor was Oxford life more expensive. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, thus writes to Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church, begging for the gift of a studentship in that College for a dependent:—

"His poor Father can do nothing for him. And I know none els that will do any thing but myself. Here I keep him with very little charge; but to keep him at the University will be a charge greater than I can bear. But if he has a Student's place, I will straine hard to allow him 20^l. a year, which will give him a competent subsistence. For he eats but one meal a day, & thinks no clothes too mean for him to wear. I never knew one of his age a more perfect Philosopher. Pray my Lord, if you can finde a place for him, let me know when it will require him ther, that I may order things for it accordingly."

A short sketch of the origin of the 'Lady's Diary,' a work so noted in its day, with its contents, may not be unacceptable to the reader. It is given in a letter from Mr. Tipper, the projector, to Wanley, the antiquarian, and is dated Nov. 8, 1703:—

"I received yours, and thank you kindly for your advice and direction, for indeed I know nothing of the manner how a Dedication ought to be made, and what previous caution ought to be used. As for the Ladies Diary, it consists of a Preface to the Fair Sex, containing the Happiness of England under the Reign of Queen Elizabeth and the present Queen; with an Account of the subject of the present and future Almanacks (if any be); then follows a Copy of Verses in praise of the Queen which were actually spoken (with others) at the Maior's Parlour by one of the blewcoat Boys (at the last Thanksgiving day about the Vigo business) with universal applause. Then follows an Account of the Calendar at large. Then the Calendar it self on one side (of each leaf) and on the other side an account of Bills of Fare for each Month, and also Medicinal and Cookery receipts collected from the best authors. Then succeeds the Common Notes of the year, the four Terms, the Times when Marriage comes in and out, the Eclipses, &c. all in one page. After this is the second part of the Almanack, which contains the Praise of Women in general, with directions of Love and Marriage, intermixt with delightful stories. Then ensues the Marriage Ceremonies of divers Nations, together with several Enigmas, some explained and others omitted to be explained till next year (all this second Part is intermix'd with Poetry, the best of the kind to the best of my judgment); lastly is a Table of the Births of all the Crowned heads in Europe, with the time when they began to reign, and how long they have reigned. The Calendar part (I should have noted before) has a great variety of Particulars all at length, because few women make reflections, or are able to deduce consequences from premises. The Title-page is to this effect, 'The Lady's Diary or Women's Almanack; containing Directions of Love and Marriage, of Cookery, Preserving, Perfumery, Bills of Fare for every Month, and many other things peculiar to the Fair Sex;' and indeed is the First ever published of the kind. It contains no Secrets of Women, nor any expression to offend the chastest ear. Upon the Title-page is the Picture of the Queen in copper, which I am promised shall be (and I hope now is) very well performed. And thus you have an exact Table of the whole, which tho' it is not all fit for a Queen, yet it is all designed peculiarly for the Women."

In the year 1706, 4,000 copies of this work were printed, and "not one left by New Year's tide."

The following anecdote, regarding De Foe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' is from a manuscript of Thomas Warton's, now in the British Museum. Such was contemporary gossip; as if De Foe had never written anything but 'Robinson Crusoe':—

"Mem. Jul. 10, 1774. In the year 1759, I was told by the rev. Mr. Benjamin Holloway, rector of Middleton Stoney in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life domestic chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say, that Lord Oxford, while a prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the History of Robinson Crusoe, merely as an amusement under confinement; and gave it to Daniel De Foe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his Pamphlet writers. That De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second Volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the Manuscript to De Foe. Mr. Holloway was a grave conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some theological tracts, bred at Eton school, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. He lived many years with great respect in Lord Sunderland's family, and was like to the late Duke of Marlborough. He died, as I remember, about the year 1761. He used to say that Robinson Crusoe, at its first publication, and for some time afterwards, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing."

We have among these letters more than one from Swift, asking for preferment.

"Pray, my Lord, desire Dr South to dy about the fall of the Leaf, for he has a Prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbor, and a sine-cure in the Country, both in the Queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fit me extremely; and forgive me one word, which I know not what extorts from me; that if my Lord President would in such a juncture think me worth laying any weight of his Credit, you cannot but think me persuaded that it would be a very easy matter to compass: and I have some sort of pretence, since the late King promised me a Prebend of Westminster, when I petitioned him in pursuance of a recommendation I had from Sir William Temple."

To descend a little later in history, we find Franklin giving an account to Sir Joseph Banks of the first balloon—"An experiment of a vast globe sent up into the air, much talk'd of at present, and which, if prosecuted, may furnish means of new knowledge."

The Abbé Mann, many of whose letters to Sir J. Banks are quoted in this volume, though stated in the 'Biographie Universelle' to have been a native of Austrian Flanders, was by his own account an Englishman, born in Yorkshire. Early in life he became a Romanist, and received some promotion in the Church. His letters contain a good deal of gossip regarding the Revolution.

The Zurich Letters. Translated and edited for the Parker Society, by the Rev. H. Robinson, D.D. A third volume of Letters may as well be disposed of at once.

When Bishop Burnet passed through Zurich, in 1685, he saw among the archives of the Dean and Chapter, a vast collection of letters written either to Bullinger or by him, which filled several folio volumes, and, being written by many distinguished Protestant exiles, who had been banished from England during Mary's reign, and returned on the accession of Elizabeth, they were naturally supposed by Burnet to contain "a great many particulars relating to the history of the Reformation." He and Strype have already published a few of these letters, but the

collection is now for the first time given to the public.

The custom of the age required that the correspondence of these grave ecclesiastics should be conducted in Latin, but the feeling which pervades every one of their letters is thoroughly English; we refer to the hearty good will which the writers bear to their correspondents, and the plain and undissembled manner in which they express their feelings towards enemies. Without trenching on the province of the theologian, we may be permitted to express our regret at the evidence before us, that men who could make all allowance for the many failings of their friends, could not see anything but unmixed evil in their opponents. It is but too evident that much of the fire which burnt in the bosoms of these zealous men, was derived from other sources than that sacred temple, for the purification of which they so earnestly contended. No language of love and reverence seems to them too strong when writing to their friends, as for instance—"Farewell, my father, my pride, and even the half of my soul." "Hail! again and again, most illustrious and very dear Gesner." "It would give me the greatest pleasure to see even a dog from Zurich." And Jewel says to Peter Martyr:—

"Though, whenever I think about you (as I certainly do every hour of my life, and should be very ungrateful if I did not), I am delighted at the very thought and remembrance of your name; yet when I read your letters, I seem to myself to be at Zurich, and in your society, and in most delightful conversation with you, which indeed, believe me, I value more than all the wealth of the bishops."

But when theological adversaries come in the way, they receive but little mercy:—

"As to your expressing your hopes that our bishops will be consecrated without any superstitious and offensive ceremonies, you mean, I suppose, without oil, without the chrism, without the tonsure. And you are not mistaken; for the sink would indeed have been emptied to no purpose, if we had suffered those dregs to settle at the bottom. Those oily, shaven, portly hypocrites, we have sent back to Rome from whence we first imported them. * *

"We found at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, a large and inauspicious crop of Arians, Anabaptists, and other pests, which I know not how, but as mushrooms spring up in the night and in darkness, so these sprung up in that darkness and unhappy night of the Marian times."

Parkhurst, lamenting the "skirmishes and contentions among the reformers," adds, "May the Lord grant an end (*finem*) to these things, and a halter (*funem*) to the Papists."

No one can peruse these Letters without collecting from them numerous instances tending to prove that the physical condition of society has wonderfully improved since those times. What would an English traveller now think of a journey of fifty-seven days to Zurich? Jewel says—

"So wretchedly were we delayed by the badness of the roads, that it was with some difficulty that, on the fifth day after, we arrived at Strasburgh.—We have not yet heard what Sandys, Horn, and our other friends have been doing in England. Nor indeed is it to be wondered at; for, having left Strasburgh on the 21st of December, they would hardly be able to reach Antwerp in twenty days after, because the Rhine being frozen over would prevent their travelling by water."

In this railroad era it is almost impossible for us to understand Jewel when he says, writing from London, "The Queen is now a long way off in Kent," or Parkhurst, when he speaks of the great distance of Norwich from London. The volume abounds with complaints of the delay and risk connected with the transmission of letters. Jewel, for instance, thus exculpates himself from the charge of "forgetfulness or dilatoriness":—

"I have indeed written to you three letters since

my return to England; which I perceive, however, had not reached you at the time you wrote. And it may be, as is often the case, that they are either loitering somewhere or other, and are, like religion among ourselves, reposing in listless inactivity, or else have been lost on the road."

But "letters" were not the only proofs of good will and affectionate remembrance which these brethren in exile sent to each other. The comparative penury to which many of them were subjected, rendered very acceptable to the receiver the small donations which were transmitted by those who had to say with Jewel, "As yet not the slightest provision has been made for any of us, so that I have not as yet abandoned the device which I designed for myself at Zurich, a book and a cross;" or, "as yet nothing more has been imposed upon me than the name of Bishop." "From our country there went a few ells of broad cloth to make your reverence a gown," or "a few Italian crowns," and from Zurich there came back in return the most welcome present of a new polemic treatise, which would "cut the foe down to his saddle-tree." Foxe sends "some beer" to his friend Henry Bullinger, which present went from Basle, where the martyrologist sojourned, to Zurich.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the 'Letters' are entirely taken up with trifles such as these. The Tigurine Epistles carefully record those events which have so powerfully influenced the destinies of succeeding ages; they are full of all kinds of polemic matter; they touch upon court intrigues, duly recording the movements of "the Queen, a most discreet and excellent woman;" they detail the gradual decline and downfall of the adherents of Mary, as Bonner, Feckenham, Pate, Story, Cole, and Watson; they give the objections of the Puritans, "who would have the church purged from all the dregs of Popery;" in a word, they leave unnoticed very few of the great political and religious facts of English history from 1558 to 1590.

In the extracts which we have yet to give, we shall leave the trodden highways of history, and indulge ourselves in a ramble along a few of its less frequented paths.

We have in these letters many examples of the superstitious feeling of the age. Jewel writes to Peter Martyr thus:—

"On the 7th of May the great spire of my cathedral at Salisbury was, not merely struck, but so shattered by lightning, that a continued fissure was made from the top for sixty feet downwards: consider whether there is anything ominous in this circumstance. It so happened that I had not yet arrived there: had I done so, so foolish and superstitious are men's minds, that all this mischief would have been ascribed to my coming. I shall, however, go thither to-morrow, and put my hand to the plough."

And Bishop Parkhurst authenticates the following tale:—

"A certain young Dutch woman about seventeen or eighteen years of age, a servant of the preacher of the church at Norwich, was, during a whole year, miserably vexed by Satan. In all her temptations, however, and dilacerations, she continued steadfast in the faith, and withstood the adversary with more than manly fortitude. At last, by God's help, the devil being overcome left her, and almost at the same instant attacked the son of a certain senator, whom he also tormented in a most incredible manner for some weeks together. Public prayers were offered in the city by my direction, and a fast proclaimed until evening. The Lord had mercy also on the boy, and overcame the enemy. The boy was thirteen or at most fourteen years old, and, for his age, well versed in the scriptures, which, steadfast in faith, he boldly launched forth against the enemy. The Lord liveth, by whom this boy and girl, of a weak constitution in other respects, were enabled to overcome so great and terrible an adversary."

Again, Jewel records the observations on the marvellous effects of a bad season:—

"There has been here, throughout the whole of the present year, an incredibly bad season both as to the weather and state of the atmosphere. Neither sun, nor moon, nor winter, nor spring, nor summer, nor autumn, have performed their appropriate offices. It has rained so abundantly, and almost without intermission, as if the heavens could hardly do anything else. Out of this contagion monstrous births have taken place; infants with hideously deformed bodies, some being quite without heads, some with heads belonging to other creatures; some born without arms, legs, or shin-bones; some were mere skeletons, entirely without flesh, just as the image of death is generally represented. Similar births have been produced in abundance from swine, mares, cows, and domestic fowls. The harvest is now coming on, rather scanty indeed, but yet so as we have not much to complain of."

The notices given of individuals who were either friends or foes of the Reformers, are often curious; and, frequently, the career of a particular person may be traced through several letters. An unhappy illustration is the case of Richard Smith, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, who wrote in favour of the Celibacy of Priests. We have him first in the 4th letter:—

"Your renowned [antagonist] Smith, the patron of chastity, has been taken in adultery, and on that account is ordered to retire from the theological chair, by a new practice, and without a precedent, as the like was never done in Mary's time."

Then in the 19th:—

"But your friend Smith, what has he done? you will ask. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Believe me, that he might retain his old consistency, he has now at last recanted for the fifth time! The silly man, when he saw religion change, changed his habit, and forthwith prepared to take refuge in Scotland; but while he was loitering on the borders, he was apprehended, and brought back from his travels. And now this grave personage, this prop and support of religion, has come over to us, deserted all his party, and become all of a sudden the most inveterate enemy of the papists. Go now and deny transubstantiation, if you can."

And last of all in the 34th:—

"Smith has gone into Wales, where, they say, he has taken a wife, with the view, I suppose, of refuting all your arguments. However this may be, he boasts of his grey hairs and empty head. He now keeps a victualling house, and gains his livelihood by a hired tavern, despised by our friends and his own; by those who know him, and those who do not; by old and young, by himself, by every one."

Among the most curious parts of these letters are to be classed the many expressions from the pen even of the Bishops, which show how uneasy all parties were, and how incomplete in their minds was the religious change that had been effected. Elizabeth was considered only half a Protestant by many of them, and "the Queen's little silver cross" forms a great stumbling block to those who thought that every vestige of Popish practice and ceremonial should be swept away.

The following extract from a letter written by the great apologist of the Church of England, John Jewel, to a no less celebrated man, Peter Martyr, shows how anxious and feverish the minds of the Reformers continued to be, even under the powerful Protestant Queen:—

"Religion among us is in the same state which I have often described to you before. The doctrine is everywhere most pure; but as to ceremonies and maskings, there is a little too much foolery. That little silver cross, of ill-omened origin, still maintains its place in the queen's chapel. Wretched me! this thing will soon be drawn into a precedent. There was at one time some hope of its being removed; and we all of us diligently exerted ourselves, and still continue to do, that it might be so. But as far as I can perceive, it is now a hopeless cause. Such is the obstinacy of some minds. There seems to be far too much prudence, too much mystery, in the management of these affairs; and God alone only knows what will be the issue. The slow-paced horses retard

the chariot. Cecil favours our cause most ardently. The bishops are as yet only marked out [for promotion], and their estates are in the meantime gloriously swelling the exchequer. Both our universities, and that especially which you heretofore cultivated with so much learning and success, are now lying in a most wretched state of disorder, without piety, without religion, without a teacher, without any hope of revival."

Again, the same writer says—

"The scenic apparatus of divine worship is now under agitation; and those very things which you and I have so often laughed at are now seriously and solemnly entertained by certain persons, (for we are not consulted,) as if the christian religion could not exist without something tawdry. Our minds indeed are not sufficiently disengaged to make these fooleries of much importance. Others are seeking after a golden, or, as it rather seems to me, a leaden mediocrity; and are crying out, that the half is better than the whole."

Of all the moderate party of the Reformers, the Apologist speaks the plainest. He evidently distrusted the Queen. "The Queen," he writes to Peter Martyr, "declines being styled the head of the church, at which I certainly am not much displeased;" "but," says Bishop Parkhurst, writing to Bullinger, "she willingly accepts the title of governor, which amounts to the same thing."

The feeling with respect to the retaining any of the vestments worn by the Papists, is well expressed in a letter from Thomas Lever to Bullinger, in which he gives a melancholy picture of the paucity and ignorance of the clergy at that time (1560):—

"In the injunctions, however, published by the queen, after the parliament, there are prescribed to the clergy some ornaments, such as the mass-priests formerly had and still retain. A great number of the clergy, all of whom had heretofore laid them aside, are now resuming similar habits, and wear them, as they say, for the sake of obedience. There are indeed but few of us, who hold such garments in the same abhorrence, as the soldier mentioned by Tertullian did the crown. But we are not ignorant what occasion the papists will take from thence, as a cause of stumbling to the weak. For the prebendaries in the cathedrals, and the parish priests in the other churches, retaining the outward habits and inward feeling of popery, so fascinate the ears and eyes of the multitude, that they are unable to believe but that either the popish doctrine is still retained, or at least that it will shortly be restored. Many of our parishes have no clergyman, and some dioceses are without a bishop. And out of that very small number who administer the sacraments throughout this great country, there is hardly one in a hundred who is both able and willing to preach the word of God; but all persons are obliged to read only what is prescribed in the books. Thus indeed is the Lord's harvest very abundant among us, but the labourers are very few."

Our readers may not be unwilling to hear Bishop Jewel's opinion on a contest which has been revived in our own times. We allude to the use of the surplice in church ministrations:—

"The contest respecting the linen surplice, about which I doubt not but you have heard either from our friend Abel or Parkhurst, is not yet at rest. That matter still somewhat disturbs weak minds. And I wish that all, even the slightest vestiges of popery might be removed from our churches, and above all from our minds. But the queen at this time is unable to endure the least alteration in matters of religion."

Another mooted point of the present times, the use of candles on the altar, was debated, it seems, at the time of the Reformation. Bishop Parkhurst writes thus to Bullinger:—

"I wrote you word that the cross, wax candles, and candlesticks had been removed from the Queen's Chapel; but they were shortly after brought back again to the great grief of the godly. The candles heretofore were lighted every day, but now not at all. The lukewarmness of some persons very much retards the progress of the gospel."

There are a few notices of Mary Queen of Scots, who, as a Catholic, was feared and hated by the Reformers. Bishop Jewel thus speaks of her:—

"The Queen of Scots, an exile from her country, is, you know, here in custody; with sufficient honour indeed, yet so as that she cannot raise any disturbances. This is she to whom Pope Pius not only freely promises Scotland, but England likewise; for he hopes that a woman, a catholic, a murderer of her husband, and an adulteress, will have great influence in the restoration of popery!"

Bishop Parkhurst gives the following account to Bullinger of the murder of David Rizzio and the birth of James the First:—

"In the month of March an Italian, called Signor David [Rizzio], skilled in necromancy, and in great favour with the queen of Scots, was forcibly dragged out of her chamber in her presence, and died wretchedly pierced by many stabs. A certain abbot was wounded at the same place, and escaped with difficulty, but died of his wounds shortly after. A monk named Black, a Dominican friar, and a chief man among the papists, was killed in the court at the same time.

Seized by black death, this blacker knave
Descended to the gloomy grave.

The lords of the council, who were then assembled in one chamber, to consult about some matters of importance, when they heard of these massacres, (for they had no previous suspicion of anything of the kind,) quickly betook themselves to flight, some one way, some another; some threw themselves out of the windows at the risk of their lives, and thus escaped. The queen of Scots has brought forth a prince; and whereas heretofore she had no great regard for her husband, I know not for what reason, she is now on the best of terms with him. She has lately received into favour the lord James, her brother, by the father's side, whom she formerly detested; and not only him, but, as I hear, all the evangelical leaders. I wish it may be true. The gospel, which was lulled to sleep for a time, is again raising its head. While I was writing the above, a certain Scottish refugee, a good and learned man, has informed me, that the queen was brought to bed ten weeks since, but that the child is not yet baptized. On my asking him the reason, he replied, that the queen will have her son baptized in the high church, and that many masses are to be celebrated. But the people of Edinburgh will not allow this: for they would rather die than suffer the detested mass to insinuate itself again into their churches. They are afraid however of her calling over auxiliary troops from France, that she may more easily overwhelm the gossellers. Let us entreat God for our pious brethren. She ordered some pious nobleman to turn Knox, who was residing with him, out of his house. May the Lord either convert or confound her!"

With this we must conclude. The value of this edition is increased by its being furnished with a good Index of proper names.

* REPEAL SONGS OF MUNSTER.

Songs, Ballads, and Skellig Lists. Cork, Hely. *The Spirit of the Nation.* Dublin, Duffy.

SEVEN years have elapsed [*Ath. No. 472*] since we introduced the Munster Melodies to our readers as specimens of "a new school of poetry, a new system of civilization, an original code of laws, and a language so purely native that it has not yet submitted to the fetters of grammar." The Munster Muses have not been idle during this interval, but unfortunately they have changed the character of their strains; they have become controversialists and politicians, staunch advocates of Romanism and Repeal, claimants to the gift of prophecy, and not unfrequently garnishing their predictions with bits of personal satire. There are those who attribute this change to the influence of the Kildare Street Society's schools: they tell us that the Catholic scholars being compelled to conform so far to Protestant rule as to read the Scriptures daily, regarded this requisition as a tax imposed upon education, a badge of inferiority maintained in

the spirit of ascendancy, and a mode of effecting that proselytism which the Society publicly disavowed; and that bitterness and personality first began to manifest themselves in the Munster Melodies just as the generation trained in the Kildare Street schools began to take an active part on the busy stage of life; and certain it is that ballad-controversy has largely increased wherever attempts have been made to set aside the national system of education in order to establish schools on more exclusive principles. A new generation, trained chiefly in the national schools, is just beginning to appear in public life; its most striking peculiarity is, that it is more purely English in language and habits of thought than the Anglo-Irish themselves. In localities where nothing but Gaelic was spoken some years ago, it is now exceedingly rare to find any one between the ages of twelve and twenty-five who does not speak English, and who does not use that language in preference, because it is the language in which he has learned to think. Even in remote rural districts, it is commonly said that Irish has become as rare as English was some twenty years ago. The change in this respect is confirmed by the testimony of the ballad-venders; they say that there is now scarcely any sale for the ballads written in native Irish, and exhibit the assortments which they furnish to itinerant retailers for fairs and markets, in proof that the English language is fast establishing itself in every part of the country.

The little work which we have named at the head of this article appears a very fair exponent of the literary taste of the generation entering upon life, while the Repeal songs and controversial ballads of the broad sheet, form at least as accurate an index to the taste of the generation by which the busy stage is at present occupied. Thus viewed, the contrast between them appears striking. We say nothing respecting the political or religious character of these songs, but looking merely to their moral and intellectual bearing, it is impossible not to see that the older ballads exhibit a vagueness of idea, and recklessness of expression, that characterize men wanting something, but not exactly knowing what, while the songs of *The Nation*, which are universally popular with the youth of Ireland, and indeed almost exclusively the poetry read by all between the ages of sixteen and twenty, display an earnestness and vehemence, with occasional bursts of fiery energy, which could only result from fixed and determinate resolution.

The first ballad to which we shall direct attention includes a prophecy which is to have its fulfilment in the present year, and is entitled 'The Distressed Maid of Erin!' Its style belongs to the old school of Munster Melodies, when candidates for the office of hedge-school-master were compelled to recite some ballad of their own composition as a proof of their qualifications. On these occasions it was their custom to use words "of learned length and thundering sound," with very little attention to their meaning or appropriateness, and to adorn the verse with classical allusions of the most recondite nature, so as to amaze the rustics with the profundity of their learning. O'Healy, the author of the following song, is one of the last survivors of this school; he unites in his person the qualifications of mathematical teacher, village bard, and land-surveyor:—

You Nine sublime, receive my petition,
Pity my condition, and raise my ambition
With a few scrolls those lines to compose,
So I now ardently implore your assistance,
To inspire me with a flow of eloquence,
All in consequence of a droll song I mean to compose,
Touching and true to a fair maid's brilliancy,
Who interrogated the state of my country,
And that has bewildered my dreams incessantly,
Lulled on a couch in sweet repose.

This immaculate creature had sure astonished me,
Embower'd by God's decree beneath an aspen tree,
On a seat sedate, in majestic state,
The mother of Cupid I thought her to be;
But she soon attracted me up to vanity,
And in a strange heat my heart did beat;
Had I by leases the places of residence
Of Lord Doneraile or Hely Hutchinson,
I'd sell them by mortgage and all by articles,
To chase a hare on her golden estate.

Could I but cope with Homer's eloquence,
To each distant settlement, fearing no detriment,
Her mode in prose I'd quickly transpose;
Then Hector and Jason would fawn on her personage,
So would Achilles vie with Hercules,
In rowing ashore my love to export;
Those champions would fight with great animosity,
The bravest by right to enjoy her majesty,
The valleys with harmony echoing equally,
Each home stroke with a sounding report.

This prolific dale I ranged for curiosity,
With civil authority and kind urbanity,
Saying hail! my wandering maid,
And suffer'd no great delay in perplexity,
But now her dexterity cheats my fidelity,
Her native state, profession and trade;
Are you the Persianian part of the family,
Who through ancient wars exchanged her lenity,
And caused such calamity drowned in eternity,
By her regression of aid in Babylon's shade?

Or are you the lightsome Dido or Proserpine,
Or the Queen who voluntarily did accompany
And was decoyed by Paris to Troy,
And left many a list to muster her energy,
Deranged by jealousy in pausing soliloquy,
Trying once more his rights to enjoy?
If you be a sporting roving frolicker,
From Paphos grove, for the use of foreigners,
With kind hospitality and officious philanthropy
I'll supply you with blisses of joy.

Bless me, O'Healy, your tedious inquisition,
In a composition, would pierce the disposition
Of the wild and wise of the feminine kind,
It makes me deny to be Dido or Proserpine,
Or the Grecian consort, who most unfortunately
Despised and left her husband behind;
In the annals of fame my name is inserted free,
Tho' big-belly'd bears had thought to convert me,
For James had neglected, and William subjected me
Alongside the Boyne, where I was confined.

Indeed, sir, I'm a maid that's weak and languid,
A sighing young damsel that's teased by fanatics,
My bones are broke—I'm tormented full sore;
The year twenty-nine had partly vanquished;
The doings of Calvin were then examined,
And be it known from the poet of sweet Donoughmore
That the year forty-three will relieve all our agony,
As Saint John the Divine has divined in his prophecy,
From that year out, no more animosity—
And so forth—there's an end to my scroll.

Another prophetic song is entitled 'A Dialogue with the Ruins of an Old Monastery.' It is not destitute of literary merit; though the rhymes are frequently rugged and imperfect, there is an harmonious flow in the run of the verse. Some of the sentiments are borrowed from Ward's Hudibrastic History of the Reformation, of which several cheap editions have been published in Dublin, and have proved very good speculations.

In the year twenty-four I took a short tour
On the beautiful shore of Old Erin,
To view her dear plains and her clear winding streams,
Which Providence framed so ensnaring;
The nightingale nice with his harmonious voice,
Made Nature rejoice in each station:
This enchanting scene on our island so green
Made me surely esteem Paddy's nation.

For a churchyard was near, then my course I did steer
Where a few silent tears I vented;
To see the sad state of those buildings so great,
Their awful defeat I lamented.
When I thought on that clan that invaded our land,
Whose impious hands caused vastation,
And strove by all means like the cursed ancient Danes
To gail the true remains of our nation.

Quite silent I mused, my mind being confused,
To behold the abused holy temple,
All wrecked and defaced by a profligate race,
That on virtue and grace long have trampled;
My heart it did bleed on beholding the weeds
Spring up where good deeds once were stationed,
And the ivy, alas, all hung round where the Mass
Had been read to each class in our nation.

Said I, noble pile, then who did you defile?
Or why are you spoiled or deformed?
Or what wicked crime have you done in your time,
That here you're declined, mocked and scorned?
Now answer me sure, have you been impure,
Or loaded the poor with taxation?
Or tore life or land from the creature called man,
Thus bewildered to stand in our nation?

In low solemn strains spoke the holy remains,
With language quite plain and sincere then,
Now since it is so that you would wish to know,
The cause of my woe, I'll declare then:

A licentious knave, that is now in his grave,
Old Harry, a slave to temptation,
My altar profaned and my ornaments gleaned,
And my clergymen slain thro' the nation.

But tell me, I pray, what caused him to stray,
That once did obey and respect you?
Was he not your friend, and your faith defend,
When Luther, the fiend, did reject you?
He stood for your cause, your maxims and laws,
Which gained him applause in his station.
Can it be the case that he acted so base,
For to bring such disgrace on the nation?

Kind sir, it appears, that when he lived near
To twenty long years with his wife, sir,
He got quite enchanted with a comely young dame,
Which was the sole means of his strife, sir:
To Rome he applied but his suit being denied,
He then stepped aside from salvation,
And barbarously slew every person he knew,
That to popery was true in the nation.

Your words strike a dart thro' my poor sinful heart,
Which makes me to smart in great torment,
Because that each man did not rise thro' the land,
For no human hand should lie dormant,
But all gather round this domestic clown,
And straight pull him down with impudence,
That left you forlorn, all split, wrecked and torn,
That once did adorn our nation.

My dear worthy sir, to attempt for to stir,
Would only incur the displeasure
Of our Saviour dear, who was mocked, scoffed and jeered,
And flogged most severe beyond measure;
When nailed to a cross without any remorse,
By merely the dross of creation,
His Father he called for to pardon their fall,
A lesson for all through each nation.

That structure then said, My friend, don't be dismay'd,
The church that Christ made will reign victor,
Hell's gates can't prevail, tho' they do her assail,
Perseus will my tale tell in the scripture,
St. Matthew explore the 6th chapter o'er,
The 18th verse in its station,
Will prove that she'll shine to the last day of time,
Both pure and divine thro' the nation.

Another specimen of prophetic controversy
is an imaginary dialogue between a handsome
new Roman Catholic chapel, now in progress
of erection, and its neighbour, old Shandon
church. This chapel is one of the lions of Cork;
it was projected by Father Mathew, and all the
subscriptions were collected by his individual
exertions:—

A Discussion between a Church and a Chapel.

One morning early, as day was breaking,
Being in the charming sweet month of May,
When Flora's mantle had decorated
The fragrant plains all in rich array;
The lofty mountains I could survey them,
The purling streams and the river clear—
The crystal fountains and billows rolling,
Where ships were sailing from far and near.

I being reconciled with the sweets of nature,
I was preparing to take my way,
Till overhearing a conversation,
A while occasioned me to stay:
Behng a discusory, in that place had taken,
Between new neighbours, near to Cork town,
About the chapel founded by Father Mathew;
But Shandon Church it began to frown.

This Church it broke out from its silence,
And in great violence to the Chapel said,
What spark are you that stand behind me?
My friends and neighbours you have betrayed,
My predecessors you did inveigle,
To renegade from their native home,
Where my ancestors are clad in earth,
And are still remaining 'till the day of doom.

The prudent Chapel soon made answer,
And was not angry, nor yet confused:
Madame, sitting in your pomp and grandeur,
I beg the favour to be excused;
Tho' here I'm standing both poor and naked,
I do inveigle nor flatter none—
I was erected by true Milesians—
My ordination is the Church of Rome.

Don't you remember, in former ages,
When you were naked as well as me?
Till by Church cess you did invade us,
Oppressing creatures with tyranny;
The tithes and taxes that you were craving,
We freely give you, tho' not your due;
They did belong to the Priests and Jesuits,
Whose ordination from Christ was true.

The holy Temple that began by David,
Was bare and naked awhile, like me,
Till by King Solomon it was supported,
A house of prayer and great dignity:
It was Christ began my first foundation,
To the end of days I will firm stand,
And with open arms I will receive
All Adam's race with the cross in hand.

The holy Scripture it clearly shows us,
The wicked forces of hereby
By King Pharaoh were then supported,
To the law of Moses would not agree,
Till with a plague they were afflicted,
With snakes and serpents throughout the land;

The Israelites they were pursuing,
The sea consumed them by God's command.

The tithes and taxes will be defeated,
And the Protestants' race will soon stand still;
The three hundred years the Serpent gave them,
Are clearly traced now by Columbkil;
When you are a shelter for owls and ravens
To perforate and reduce your walls,
Then I will flourish each morning gaily,
With joy-bells echoing, my flocks to call.

The first beginning of this new Chapel,
Was in eighteen hundred and thirty-three;
It will soon be finished by the subscribers,
And all those tyrants then must flee;
There pious Christians will flock in numbers,
To heal their souls at this blessed ground,
To have the benefit of the Christian prayers,
Till the Judgment day, when the trumpets sound.

To bring those verses to a conclusion,
I won't intrude on the Muses nine:
Good Christians all that now perseute them,
I hope you'll excuse my stupid mind.
One request I am earnest craving,
The fervent prayers of both old and young,
For my assistance to gain salvation,
And all true members of the Church of Rome.

Turning from the controversial to the purely
political songs, we find it no easy matter to
select the most illustrative from the pile before
us. Perhaps, after all, popularity is the safest
guide; and we shall give precedence to that
which has gone through an unparalleled number
of editions, during the few months that have
elapsed since its publication.

Erin go Bragh.

Air—"Exile of Erin."

Once more pray assist me, ye bards of those ages
Who stroll round Parnassus and thirst for renown;
Assist me, ye Muses, ye Graces, and sages,
In those simple verses I'm going to pen down.
Then, then to the subject, to me so endearing,
I fling forth my weak simple talents and all;
In praise of my country, my green mantled Erin,
The land of O'Connell, sweet Erin go bragh.

O! Erin, my country, thou land of great splendour,
The relics of greatness seen through thy plains,
O witness the ruins of thy buildings and grandeur,
And think on the time great Brian beat the Danes;
Yes, yes, thou'rt the land of Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan,
Great Sarsfield, Moore, Curran, and Mathew, agra,
And holy Saint Patrick, whose name is so pat in
The hearts of the offspring of Erin go bragh.

Then, why should we be dragg'd thro' each mire and channel,
By proud haughty Britain—have we no resource?
Yes, yes, we've our leader, immortal O'Connell,
And to none we're inferior in physical force;
A teetotaler's a man that was ne'er best in battle,
He could handle the gun, and the sword he could draw,
And tho' bullets should whistle, and cannons should rattle,
He'd be true to the cause of old Erin go bragh.

Tho' the Tories of England with vile names may taunt us,
And call us a rabble, and our priests rumour vile;
Yet the time it will come when they surely will want us,
And then they must give us our own little isle.
For in spite of John Bull, then fair Freedom's unfur'd,
We're backed by our friends, tho' they're far away;
And the theme of the freemen, all over the world—
O'Connell, Repeal, and sweet Erin go Bragh.

Then rouse you, Milesians, arouse from your slumber,
And lash to the helm the ranks of Repeal;
Arouse you, Teetotalers, six millions in number,
Since liberty's wafted along on the gale.
Oh! where is the Irishman who'd be unwilling,
When to him the famed Repeal warden should ca'
To spare for his country one small annual shilling,
To carry Repeal for sweet Erin go bragh?

So now, as I mean to make a conclusion,
Long life and success to our virtuous Queen;
May her reign be in peace, without any confusion,
For she's well disposed towards the island of green.
Put an end to all strife, and away with disunion,
And let all your actions be inside the law,
And let your watch-word be Repeal of the Union,
O'Connell, brave Grattan, and Erin go bragh.

Another song, to the popular air of Ballina-
mona Oro, takes up the cause of the dismissed
magistrates, in the following strain:—
Honour and glory to you, my Lord French,
On the Irish woolsack will soon be your bench,
Then a fig for that despot—a disgrace to the wig;
O his name it would shame poor Nell Flaherty's pig.
Singing Ballinamona Oro,
Ballinamona Oro,
Ballinamona Oro,
Repeal and O'Connell for me.

There's another old wizard, he is playing a trick;
Too proud to resign, so poor fellow took sick;
Such intricate jokers the world never saw:
They disappointed poor Roden, and they bother'd poor Shaw.
Singing, &c.

Now for Hooby Bernard, a rogue or a fool,
From the hot-bed of faction the old Brandon School—
He was like one overtaken by thunder and hail,
When trumpet-tongued Bandon it shouted Repeal.
Singing, &c.

The poor bard concludes with an allusion to the
mishap of one of his brethren, and at the same
time assigns a curious cause of confidence in his
own escape from similar misfortune:—

O yet, with all our vaunting, 'tis strange for to tell,
A ballad-singer last week was confined in Clonmel;
But my song I will sing, and I fear no fellow's frown,
We have now Repeal Lawyers in every town.
Singing, &c.

Every repeal demonstration and monster
meeting has been duly chronicled in song; that
of Tara Hill has been the most celebrated, as
might have been expected, from the associations
of the locality with the history of Ireland, pre-
vious to the Anglo-Norman invasion. The fol-
lowing is the best of the score devoted to cele-
brating this display:—

Draw near, you Irish hearts of oak,
You brave old Tara heroes,
The chain that binds us must be broke,
In spite of all those Neroes.
O'Connell gives you great applause
Throughout this Irish nation;
You're foremost in Hibernia's cause,
In quest of liberation.

CHORUS.

Hurra for Dan and noble Steel,
The pride of Erin's nation:
In spite of Wellington or Peel,
We'll gain our liberation.

On Tara's hill, the other day,
Five hundred thousand did assemble;
Teetotalers did sweetly play,
Our foes for to make tremble;
The roads were neatly arched with green,
Our flags hoisted in rotation,
Three cheers were given for the Queen,
And four for liberation.

When gallant Dan to Tara came,
Our boys did bravely cheer him,
He roused the hearts of old and young,
That assembled there to hear him.
He'll surely free us from the yoke,
If our aid we freely lend him;
You would think it was an angel spoke,
For the Clergy did attend him.

Think on the words of noble Steel,
Of the Protestant communion;
To our enemies he'll never yield,
Until we repeal the Union.
He tells us if we all unite,
In spite of all alarms,
We'll surely gain the glorious fight,
Without the force of arms.

Kilkenny, Cork, and Limerick too,
Call for the rights of Granua;
Tipperary showed what they could do,
In Cashel and in Nenagh;
Five hundred thousand on the plains,
Demanding liberation.
Not half that number swept the Danes
Far from our Irish nation.

God bless our Queen—long may she reign;
What foe dared to offend her?
Granua's sons with swords and guns
Are ready to defend her;
Long live each man that joins with Dan—
No matter what communion;
But in spite of all the Tory clan,
He will repeal the Union.

Passing over the songs recording O'Connell's
progresses, though sorely tempted to quote that
which describes his triumphal entry into Cork,
we turn to one of a different character,—which is
not less popular within the sound of the bells of
Bow, than it is amongst those who listen to the
bells of Shandon:—

The Poor Irish Stranger in London.

O pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That wandered thus far from his home,
I sigh for protection from want, woe, and danger,
But I know not which way for to roam;
I ne'er shall return to Hibernia's green bowers,
Where tyranny has trampled the sweetest of flowers;
They gave comfort to me in my loneliest hours,
But they are gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gazed on the high lofty mountain,
As in grandeur it rose from its lord,
And with sorrow beheld my own garden yielding
The choicest of fruits for its board;
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Where I've spent many a long happy day,
Alas! has his lordship contrived it away?
Yes, 'tis gone—I shall ne'er see it more.

When the sloe and the berry hung ripe on the bushes,
I have gathered them off without harm,
And I've gone to the fields where I've shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm;
I have sat by the fire of a cold winter's night,
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight;
Those days gave me pleasure, and I could invite—
But they're gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

O Erin, sad Erin, it grieves me to ponder
The wrongs of thy injured land;
Thy sons, many thousands, deploring do wander
On shores far away, in exile.
But give me the power to cross over the main,
America might yield me some shelter from pain,
I'm only lamenting while here I remain,
For the joys I shall never see more.

Farewell then to Erin, and all those left weeping
Upon thy disconsolate shore;
Farewell to the grave where my father lies sleeping,
That ground I will ever adore.
Farewell to each pleasure—I once had a home,
Farewell—now a stranger in England I roam;
Oh give me my freedom, or give me my tomb,
Yes, in pity—I'll ask for no more.

The world has borne testimony to the wisdom
of the statesman who preferred the power of
making a nation's ballads to that of making a
nation's laws; we have given specimens of the
ballads which, from their extensive circulation,
appear to be the exponents of popular feeling in
the south of Ireland. From the way in which
most of them refer to the repeal of the Union,
it appears that they have no very definite idea
of the real nature and effects of such a measure;
they seem to regard it as a mysterious something
by which their grievances will be redressed, and
the elements of prosperity in the country de-
veloped for the benefit of its inhabitants. This
is sufficiently manifest in the following stanzas:

We have noble members to stand to our cause,
To obtain for Granua her just rights and laws;
Keep sober and steady, and then I go bail
That Dan gets for Ireland a speedy Repeal.

That trade it may flourish in Ireland once more,
We'll have peace and plenty as we had before;
Each man for his labour well paid he must be,
So we'll live in contentment in Erin ma chre.

From these ballads it is also evident that the
cry of Repeal has been taken up, not so much
for its own sake as because it has been recom-
mended by the leader; praises of O'Connell are
more numerous and more hearty than aspirations
for Repeal. To such an extent is vagueness of
object combined with strong personal attach-
ment to the leader, that in one song the highest
praise given to the Goddess of Freedom is that
"she is like O'Connell's daughter;" and in
another the popular demands are said to consist
of "the rights he showed we wanted." It
deserves to be further remarked, that many of
the old symbolic songs in which the Jacobites
of the last century professed their secret allegi-
ance to the Pretender have been modernized
and applied to O'Connell. He figures as "the
blackbird"—"the green linnet"—"the white
horse"—"Daniel in the lion's den"—"Moses"—
—"the hope of Erin"—and, whimsically enough,
as "the grey mare," an animal said to have
been ridden very roughly by successive genera-
tions, but which is now on the point of throwing
its rider. The promised publication of the Jaco-
bite relics of Ireland will probably afford us an
opportunity of showing how the same symbols
have been applied to different leaders of oppo-
sition or revolt for three centuries; but at pre-
sent we shall quote only one symbolic ballad,
in which O'Connell appears as the White Rose
of Tara's bower. It may be interesting to
remark, that the Irish, in the wars of the Roses,
were zealous supporters of the House of York,
and that the white rose has been the favourite
cognizance of Irish insurgents ever since the
days of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck.

You true sons of Erin, be faithful and steady,
And to your Queen most royal be loyal and ready,
To come to the bower with full powers just and legal;
It was on Mount St. Jean where we cleared off the eagle.

Chorus.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

Will you come to the bower, where my flower I have
planted?
For Cork County he's elected, with courage most un-
daunted.

I will show a sight most delightful and pleasing,
Unto all honest hearts of every persuasion.

Will you come to the bower, where my flower it is blooming,
And a most stately air of late is assuming?
It blooms in Merion-square, and a native is of Kerry,
It is esteemed at Kildare and at Wexford Ferry.

Will you come to the bower, where my flower it blooms
daily,
With a shamrock so green, and a sprig of shillelagh?
All over Paddy's land its branches are extending,
Though under state squalls and storms it was bending.

Will you come to the bower, towards royal Tamar,
Where we planted our rights in spite of each defamer?
Around Tara's Hall we will call our fine heroes,
The true sons of O'Neill and the brave Glanville heroes.

Will you come to the bower, where my flower is in blossom?
And Lord Sarsfield of old he wore it in his bosom.
By a blast from the Hague it lay fading and dying,
But now with the White Rose once more is reviving.

Will you come to the bower, and my flower's name I'll
tell it?

With a D. and an O.C. most nobly you can spell it.
I'll send it in a barge over St. George's deep channel,
It is blooming in the house—my flower is O'Connell.

Will you come to the bower, where my flower will take
root in?

And the harp it shall play to the air of Lord Lucan;
Our Queen is of the race of old famed Caledonia,
But Daniel is our jewel, and a true Anemona.

When seated in the bower, if Peel, Wellington, or others
Dare to oppose him, we will go off like brothers;
And on Mount St. Jean once more pluck the lily,
As we now have obtained what we lost by Orange Billy.

Chorus.

The specimens we have extracted, sufficiently
illustrate the character of the Repeal Songs of
the older school; the lyrics of the New Academy
must next claim our attention, and they are
sufficiently important to require an article for
themselves.

Letters from New York. By Maria Child.
Bentley.

HERE we have a tempting title-page and a
pleasant Table of Contents, but the book itself
is a disappointment. It reminds us of the game
that children play at, called "Cherry-bob,"—
you shut your eyes and open your mouth, and
get nothing. Here you start with a new chapter
and a pleasant paragraph, which, in the spirit
of the title-page, promises some local information
of interest, and lo! when you are all gaping for
it, the lady fobbs off upon you a rigmarole piece
of nonsense about a Yankee boy and the Em-
peror of Russia, or plays the tender at the funeral
of a stranger on the banks of the Mississippi.
Yet, and after all due and large allowances are
made for endless digressions and sentimental
small talk, there are many clever papers in the
volume—good magazine articles, and so like
magazine articles, that we cannot doubt, though
there is no hint of it in the way of Preface, that
in this form they originally appeared. Be this
as it may, we shall not concern ourselves fur-
ther with the merits or demerits of the volume,
but dip here and there for a few paragraphs,
and thus give our readers some sketches of New
York by an American:—

"You ask what is now my opinion of this great
Babylon; and playfully remind me of former prophe-
cies, and a long string of vituperative alliterations,
such as magnificence and mud, finery and filth, dia-
monds and dirt, bullion and brass-tape, &c. &c. * *
Well, Babylon remains the same as then. The din
of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run
through its streets, like the perpetual murmur of a
hive. Wealth dozes on French couches, thrice piled,
and canopied with damask, while poverty camps on
the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in
the watch-house. There, amid the splendour of
Broadway, sits the blind negro beggar, with horny
hand and tattered garments, while opposite to him
stands the stately mansion of the slave trader, still
plying his bloody trade, and laughing to scorn the
cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so
easily. In Wall-street, and elsewhere, Mammon, as
usual, coolly calculates his chance of extracting a
penny from war, pestilence, and famine; and Com-
merce, with her loaded drays, and jaded skeletons of
horses, is busy as ever 'fulfilling the world's contract
with the devil.' The noisy discord of the street-cries
gives the ear no rest; and the weak voice of wren-
childhood often makes the heart ache for the poor
little wanderer, prolonging his task far into the hours
of night. Sometimes, the harsh sounds are pleasantly
varied by some feminine voice, proclaiming, in musi-

cal cadence, 'Hot corn! hot corn!' with the poetic
addition of 'Lily white corn! Buy my lily white corn!'
* * I will answer your question, by saying that,
though New York remains the same, I like it better.
This is partly because I am like the Lady's Delight,
ever prone to take root, and look up with a smile, in
whatever soil you place it; and partly because blighted
disease, and black gutters, and pigs uglier than their
ugly kind, no longer constitute the foreground of my
picture of New York. I have become more familiar
with the pretty parks dotted about here and there;
with the shaded alcoves of the various public gardens;
with blooming nooks, and 'sunny spots of greenery.'
* * I like the various small gardens in New York,
with their shaded alcoves of lattice-work, where one
can eat an ice-cream, shaded from the sun. You
have none such in Boston; and they would probably be
objected to, as open to the vulgar and the vicious. I
do not walk through the world with such fear of
soiling my garments. Let science, literature, music,
flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect,
or humanize the heart, be open to 'Tom, Dick, and
Harry;' and thus, in process of time, they will become
Mr. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things,
the refined should think of what they can impart,
not of what they can receive."

Here are a few sentences on the endless
variety of character, and the changing popula-
tion of New York:—

"In a great metropolis like this, nothing is more
observable than the infinite varieties of character.
Almost without effort, one may happen to find him-
self, in the course of a few days, beside the Catholic
kneeling before the cross, the Mohammedan bowing
to the east, the Jew veiled before the ark of the
testimony, the Baptist walking into the water, the
Quaker keeping his head covered in the presence of
dignitaries and solemnities of all sorts, and the Mor-
mon quoting from the Golden Book which he has
never seen. More, perhaps, than any other city,
except Paris or New Orleans, this is a place of rapid
fluctuation, and never-ceasing change. A large
portion of the population are like mute actors, who
tramp across the stage in pantomime or pageant, and
are seen no more. The enterprising, the curious, the
reckless, and the criminal, flock hither from all
quarters of the world, as to a common centre, whence
they can diverge at pleasure. Where men are little
known, they are imperfectly restrained; therefore,
great numbers here live with somewhat of that wild
license which prevails in times of pestilence. Life is
a reckless game, and death is a business transaction.
Warehouses of ready-made coffins, stand beside ware-
houses of ready-made clothing, and the shroud is sold
with spangled opera-dresses. Nay, you may chance
to see exposed at sheriff's sales, in public squares,
piles of coffins, like nests of boxes, one within another,
with a hole bored in the topmost lid to sustain the
red flag of the auctioneer, who stands by, describing
their conveniences and merits, with all the exagger-
ating eloquence of his tricky trade. There is some-
thing impressive, even to painfulness, in this dense
crowding of human existence, this mercantile fa-
miliarity with death."

Here is a glimpse of some of the New York
characteristics:—

"Among the many objects of interest in this great
city, a stranger cannot overlook its shipping; espe-
cially as New York lays claim to superiority over
other cities of the Union, in the construction of
vessels, which are remarked for beauty of model,
elegance of finish, and gracefulness of sparring. * *
You will not think the millennium is nigh, when
I tell you that the most graceful, fairy-like vessel in
these waters was a slaver! She floated like a sea-
nymph, and cut the waves like an arrow. I mean
the Baltimore clipper, called the Catharine; taken
by British cruisers, and brought here, with all her
detestable appurtenances of chains and padlocks, to
be adjudged by the United States' Court, condemned,
and sold. For what purpose she is now used, I
know not; but no doubt this city is secretly much
involved in the slave trade."

The following scene is truly American:—
"A friend passing by the Methodist church in
Elizabeth Street, heard such loud and earnest noises
issuing therefrom, that he stepped in to ascertain the
cause. A coloured woman was preaching to a full

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audience, and in a manner so remarkable that his attention was at once riveted. The account he gave excited my curiosity, and I sought an interview with the woman, whom I ascertained to be Julia Pell, of Philadelphia. I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek's descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had only known him as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been 'sold running,' as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia, a coloured man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had 'bought running.' 'I know him very well,' said Samuel; 'as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap; and you'll be better without him than with him.' 'Do you think so?' 'Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bit—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get.' After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the coloured man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that everything was in due form, he inquired, 'And is Zeek now free?' 'Yes, entirely free.' Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?' 'Not any more than he could take me,' said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, 'Your servant, sir; I am Zeek.' The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia's intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetic, is her leading characteristic. * * I asked Julia if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, 'Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a convenience if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind down. It dragged it down. When I tried to think, everything scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say, "Behold the days come," I began "B-a—." I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read.' These and several other particulars I learned of Julia at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence while she poured forth a brief but very impressive prayer for her venerable host, of whom she spoke as 'that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people.' Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlour, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in *Mad Tom*. On the Sunday following I went to hear her for myself; and, in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumbling together of all sorts of things in Scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation. I know not whether her dress was of her own choosing, but it was tastefully appropriate. A black silk gown, with plain white cuffs; a white muslin kerchief, folded neatly over the breast, and crossed by a broad black scarf, like that which bishops

wear over the surplice. She began with great moderation, gradually rising in her tones, until she arrived at the shouting pitch common with Methodists. This she sustained for an incredible time, without taking breath, and with a huskiness of effort that produced a painful sympathy in my own lungs. Imagine the following thus uttered; that is, spoken without punctuation:—'Silence in Heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel, bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop its roaring, and the earth be still. What's the matter now? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. Go search among the angels, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; make haste, Gabriel; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, Behold! the Lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people.' You will observe, it was purely her own idea that silence reigned on earth and in heaven while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception, not unworthy of Milton. Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit, to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence, that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, 'buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him.' * * Luckily for the excited feelings of her audience, she changed the scene, and brought before us the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, was imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands. 'It touched the strand. Oh! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of Heaven's bell the angels came crowding round, to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow travellers. Farewell—farewell; I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there,' pointing reverently upward. 'May we all be aboard that blessed ship.' Shouts throughout the audience, 'We will! we will!' Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervour. 'Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me, but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning.' Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild 'farewell'; responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, 'I shall meet you in the morning!' Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. 'That's God's truth!' 'Glory!' 'Amen!' 'Hallelujah!' resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing, and wailing. It was like the uprush of a sea lashed by the winds. * * When the audience paused, Mr. Matthews, their pastor, rose to address them. He is a religious minded man, to whose good influence Julia owes, under God, her present state of mind. She always calls him 'father,' and speaks of him with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. At one period of her life, it seems that she was led astray by temptations, which peculiarly infest the path of coloured women in large cities; but ever since her 'conversion to God,' she has been strictly exemplary in her walk and conversation. In her own expressive language, 'Hell clutched her, but hadn't energy enough to hold her.' The missteps of her youth are now eagerly recalled by those who love to stir polluted waters; and they are brought forward as reasons why she ought not to be allowed to preach. I was

surprised to learn that to this prejudice was added another, against women's preaching. This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, 'If an *Ass* reproved Balaam, and a *barndoor fowl* reproved Peter, why shouldn't a *woman* reprove sin?' This classification with donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentary. The first comparison I heard most wittily replied to, by a coloured woman who had once been a slave. 'Maybe a speaking woman is like an ass,' said she; 'but I can tell you one thing—the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't.' Father Matthews, after apologizing for various misquotations of Scripture, on the ground of Julia's inability to read, added, 'But the Lord has evidently called this woman to a great work. He has made her mighty to the salvation of many souls, as a cloud of witnesses can testify. Some say she ought not to preach, because she is a woman. But I say, "Let the Lord send by whom he will send." Let everybody that has a message, deliver it—whether man or woman, white or coloured! Some say women mustn't preach, because they were first in the transgression; but it seems to me hard that if they helped us *into* sin, they shouldn't be suffered to help us *out*. I say, "Let the Lord send by whom he will send;" and my pulpit shall be always open.'

We may hereafter, perhaps, select a paper or two, in which Mrs. Child wanders at her own free will,—some of those which, if they give no idea of New York, will convey a very good one of the state of transatlantic periodical literature.

The Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, commonly called O'Kelly's Country. Translated from a MS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, by J. O'Donovan, Esq. Dublin, printed for the Irish Archaeological Society.

HY-MANY, or Maine's territory, included a large portion of the counties Galway and Roscommon; it belonged to the sept of the O'Kellys, and other cognate tribes, whose reputed common ancestor, Maine, is said to have conquered the country by the aid of St. Grellan. Saints in those days did not work miracles for nothing, and Grellan's demands for the aid he rendered are thus given in his Life:—

"Grent is my tribute on the race of Maine, a screebail (scruple) out of every townland. Their successes shall be bright and easy; it is not a tribute acquired without cause. The first born of every family to me, that are all baptized by me. Their tribute paid to me is a severe tribute, every firstling pig and firstling lamb To me belongs—may their cattle thence be the more numerous;—from the race of Maine, the firstling foal. Let them convey their tribes to my church, besides territory and land."

The tract before us contains a very accurate and minute account of the families of Hy-Many, with incidental notices of their customs and forms of government. Into the genealogies of the O'Kellys, O'Maddens, and the other families connected with them, we need not enter—their interest is too local and too limited; but some of the customs deserve a slight notice, as illustrative of Irish life under the Brehon law. The O'Kellys were the hereditary marshals of the kings of Connaught, and in consideration of their military services were to possess the third part of all the fortresses and sea-ports of that country; the third part of all prizes and wrecks by sea, of hidden treasures, and of all mines and minerals discovered or to be discovered; together with the third part of all *Eric*, or reprisal, recovered by the kings of Connaught from other provinces for wrongs received. *Eric* was also paid as an atonement for homicide, and appears to have been a regular source of royal revenue; we are told that in Innishowen the *eric* for killing a man was one hundred and sixty-eight cows!

The tribes of Hy-Many were exonerated from military service during spring and autumn, that is, seed-time and harvest; neither need they follow the king of Connaught for a longer period than six weeks, which nearly coincides with the feudal term of military service, forty days.

There were certain administrators of ecclesiastical property called *comharbas*, whose functions are not very clearly defined; they appear to have been the official guardians of the property and privileges of the churches to which they belonged, for we find that all of the sept of Hy-Many were bound to be baptized in the church of Camma, sacred to St. Bridget, and that those who lived too far from the church, or did not wish to bring their children thither, were nevertheless obliged to pay their baptismal fees to the *comharba*. Another *comharba* had the fees for extreme unction, and a third those for burial. St. Grellan, whose crozier was the standard of Hy-Many, had also a *comharba* to receive the tribute which has been already noticed.

Various services to the head of the Hy-Many tribe, are assigned as hereditary favours to certain families; an humble imitation of the feudal tenure by grand seigneurie, but fully as minute in its details as the organization of the most potent feudal monarchy. It is not less curious that the O'Kellys should have recognized the kings of Cashel as their protectors against their own immediate monarchs, the kings of Connaught; indeed, it is stated that but for this foreign protection they would soon have been deprived of their lands and immunities. The customs indeed, which are enumerated, clearly belong to a barbarous state of society, where there was no strength in the central government, and consequently no sure protection for person or property. Until, however, we know more of the Brehon law than has yet been published, it is impossible to determine whether this was the original condition of Irish society, or whether it had been produced by the efforts of the Irish chieftains to introduce among their sept the principles and institutions of feudalism, which they had learned from their Anglo-Norman invaders.

Index Geologicus, by G. Bartlett.—A large diagram showing the relative position of the different stratified and unstratified rocks, &c., with the classification of the fossil remains and remarkable deposits characteristic of each stratum. It gives also the agricultural and horticultural character of each geologically portrayed surface, and comprises a great deal of useful information in a small space.

List of New Books.—A Guide to Greek for Beginners, or *Initia Græca*, by Rev. W. Cross, 12mo. 4s. cl.—A Pathological and Philosophical Essay on Hereditary Diseases, by J. H. Steinau, M.D., 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, by T. Martin, 5th edit. 1s. 6d. cl.—Black's Travelling Map of North Wales, 24mo. 1s. 6d. in case.—The Works of Bishop Hopkins, with Memoir of the Author and Indexes, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cl.—South's Sermons, Part IV., royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swn.—The Perils of the Nation, 2nd edit. revised, post 8vo. 6s. cl.—Exposition of Hebrews XI., by an Indian Layman, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Rev. W. Jay's Works, Vol. VIII., containing Memoirs of Rev. J. Clark, Essays and Sermons, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Thoughts and Reflections in Sickness and in Health, by Dr. Sanderson, f. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—South's Sermons, Vol. I. 8vo. (Christian Literature Edition) 10s. 6d.—Theodore's Ecclesiastical History, 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. cl.—The Glasgow Infant School Magazine, new edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.—Memoir of the Rev. G. B. Parsons, edited by Rev. A. Leslie, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land, by G. B. Fisk, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—A Companion for the Sick Room, and Devotions, being a Compendium of Christian Faith and Practice, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Devotions for the Sick Room, 12mo. 4s. cl. swn.—Eucharistica, by S. Wilberforce, 7th edit. 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry, 3rd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—The Public General Acts of 6 & 7 Vict. 1843, intended as a supplement to the Commercial and General Lawyer, 8vo. 4s. 6d. swn.—Tales of Shakespeare, illustrated by Kenny Meadows, 3 vols. imperial 8vo. 3s. 3s. cl.—The Vital Statistics of Sheffield, by G. C. Holland, Esq., M.D., 8vo. 10s. cl.—Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, by T. Watson, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo. 34s. cl.—Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir W. Scott, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cl.—The Couriers' Annual Remembrancer for 1843-4, by T. Thacker, 8vo. 10s. cl.—The Home, or Family Joys, translated by Mary Howitt, 2nd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.

Meteorological Observations made at the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 37 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of September, 1843, and ending 6 P.M. of the following day, (Greenwich mean time).
By Mr. J. D. ROBERTSON, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected. Flint Glass.	Barom. corrected. Crown Glass.	Atmos. Ther.	Exter. Ther.	Old Standard Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Difference of Wet & Dry Bulb Ther.	Dew Point.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	30.089	30.080	65.3	57.0	30.190	62.2	03.7	60		E	Fine—light clouds and breeze.
7, ..	30.109	30.101	66.0	57.4	30.206	66.5	01.1	66		E	Do. ditto.
8, ..	30.114	30.105	67.8	59.3	30.216	62.7	02.6	59		E	Do.—light haze and ditto.
9, ..	30.123	30.114	68.0	60.8	30.233	67.6	04.2	61		E	Do. ditto. ditto.
10, ..	30.133	30.126	68.2	65.3	30.243	68.3	03.5	61		NW	Do. ditto. ditto.
11, ..	30.140	30.131	68.4	65.3	30.261	69.0	03.8	63		NNW	Do. ditto. ditto.
12, ..	30.132	30.123	68.4	66.7	30.241	69.5	04.1	65		NW	Hazy—breeze.
1, P.M.	30.125	30.116	68.3	68.3	30.233	69.6	04.4	63		W	Fine—light haze and breeze.
2, ..	30.123	30.114	68.3	69.4	30.231	70.0	05.2	63		W	Fine—light clouds and ditto.
3, ..	30.134	30.125	68.6	70.0	30.245	70.3	06.2	65		NW	Do. ditto. ditto.
4, ..	30.143	30.134	69.0	69.8	30.257	70.6	07.6	65		NW	Do. ditto. ditto.
5, ..	30.147	30.140	68.8	69.3	30.257	70.6	07.1	65		NW	Do. ditto. ditto.
6, ..	30.164	30.155	68.5	67.7	30.267	70.3	05.3	64		N	Do. ditto.
7, ..	30.175	30.166	68.0	65.8	30.277	69.7	04.6	66		NW	Fine—few stars.
8, ..	30.197	30.188	68.0	64.8	30.297	69.5	04.3	64		NW	Do. ditto.
9, ..	30.211	30.202	68.0	64.0	30.309	69.3	03.9	65		N	Light fog and breeze.
10, ..	30.231	30.222	68.0	63.7	30.326	69.0	03.6	64			Do. ditto.
11, ..	30.235	30.226	68.0	63.7	30.332	69.0	04.0	63			Cloudy—breeze.
12, ..	30.245	30.236	68.0	63.2	30.340	68.8	04.0	63			Do. ditto.
1, A.M.	30.256	30.247	67.7	61.7	30.350	68.7	03.1	63			Fine and starlight.
2, ..	30.265	30.256	67.5	59.8	30.358	68.4	03.0	61			Do. ditto.
3, ..	30.270	30.261	67.0	59.3	30.366	68.0	03.0	61			Do. ditto.
4, ..	30.274	30.265	67.0	59.3	30.368	67.8	03.0	63			Do. ditto.
5, ..	30.282	30.273	66.8	57.7	30.374	67.6	02.1	62		N	Fine—nearly cloudless—light breeze.
6, ..	30.302	30.295	66.7	56.3	30.406	67.3	01.4	61		N	Do. ditto.
7, ..	30.322	30.313	66.8	57.3	30.422	67.4	01.7	60		N	Do. ditto.
8, ..	30.344	30.337	70.5	58.3	30.451	67.7	01.8	61		N	Do. ditto.
9, ..	30.361	30.352	69.3	60.2	30.473	68.0	03.2	60		N	Do. ditto.
10, ..	30.375	30.366	68.6	62.7	30.483	68.3	03.6	61		N	Do. ditto.
11, ..	30.388	30.379	68.4	64.5	30.495	68.7	05.6	62		N	Fine—light clouds and breeze.
12, ..	30.392	30.383	68.3	65.3	30.499	69.5	07.6	60		N	Do. ditto.
1, P.M.	30.384	30.375	68.3	66.7	30.489	69.6	09.1	59		N	Do. ditto.
2, ..	30.386	30.377	68.2	67.3	30.499	69.7	09.5	60		NE	Fine and cloudless—light breeze.
3, ..	30.381	30.372	68.0	67.7	30.491	69.7	09.7	60		N	Do. ditto.
4, ..	30.385	30.376	68.0	67.3	30.491	69.7	09.1	62		N	Do. ditto.
5, ..	30.385	30.376	68.0	66.7	30.491	69.6	08.7	60		N	Do. ditto.
6, ..	30.393	30.384	68.0	65.7	30.505	69.3	07.8	61		N	Do. ditto.

The observations of the Barometer (Flint and Crown Glass) are severally corrected for temperature, as also for capillarity.

DAYS' EXCURSIONS OUT OF LONDON.

Winchester.

HERE we are pilgrims taking a morning's ride to get a luncheon of a slice of bread and a horn of beer, given *gratis* to every one who knocks at the portal of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. The charitable gift is a sort of lone thing in all England—a remnant of ancient times and manners so rare that we are actually journeying some sixty-six miles to have evidence of it. Let it be noted that the distance is but a three hours' journey. Many a three hours' journey must have been undertaken in the twelfth century to obtain the bread and beer, but then the pilgrim could only have trudged the ten miles from Romsey Abbey, or at most the dozen miles from Netley. We now come from London to affect the vagrancy—and a very pleasant day's employment it is if we are able to bear the costly charges of the Southampton Railway for conveyance thither.

We will first ease our conscience on the head of travelling, before we enter upon scenes of the past, which the objects of the present day's excursion suggest. Years ago, before the age of railways, the ordinary price for an outside seat on the coach from London to Portsmouth or Southampton used to be ten shillings. It was the usual fare by the Red Rover Southampton coach, one of the quickest and best appointed coaches out of London. The fares by this railway to Southampton have at last risen to 20s., 14s., and 8s. respectively for the three classes of carriages. To Winchester the fares are 17s. 6d., 12s., and 6s. 6d., though the distance is but sixty-four miles. The cheapest mode, that is, by the third class carriages, is only available once in the day, at seven o'clock in the morning at each terminus of the railway. The rates by the second class carriages, which of necessity are those most employed, average rather more than five miles for a shilling in long distances, and are therefore more than double the general omnibus fares in London. Throughout the metropolis you are carried by the omnibuses from five to eight miles for sixpence. There seems to be no principle in assessing the fares—the more you use this railway, the higher the rate. Thus for fifteen and a half miles, to Walton, you pay two shillings;

but for thirty-one miles, to Farnborough, you pay five shillings and sixpence. The traffic to Hampton Court by this railway, which might be great at a shilling, as it is by the steam-boats, is comparatively small at one shilling and ninepence; the Directors do not seem to know that above 100,000 persons go there in a year. Such is a comparison of horse labour and competition with machinery and a practical monopoly. There is no remedy for all this but what the wit of the railway directors is likely to dole out, which, looking at the general management of this railway since Sir John Easthope's secession, does not shine very luminously. The management appears to be one great mistake for the interests both of the public and the company. But it is seldom that a practical conviction of this overtakes the directors; it happened a year or so ago at Weybridge, where an attempt to raise the fares fifty per cent. nearly made the station there a seignior, and if we are correctly informed, actually lowered the positive receipts. The great experiment of reducing the fares on the Brighton Railway has thus far been eminently successful; and, as a line used greatly for pleasure travelling, the South Western is like that of Brighton. When travelling is for pleasure's sake, optional and not imperative, cheapness is most important in determining the choice. That the inevitable expenses on this railway are not made to yield the greatest receipts, any one who watches the state of the often half-empty carriages can have no doubt. Not only in the charges, but in the state of the carriages, is the management short-sighted. Unlike the second-class carriages on other railways, which are separated by three or more partitions, those used on this are open from end to end. Thus the seats at the end receive the most piteous currents of wind and rain—air at all times—seasoned with the cinders from the engine. These seats expose the occupants much more to the chances of cold even than the wholly open third class carriages. These latter are open at the foot, and are as little comfortable as it is possible for them to be. In consequence of these practical grievances of travelling, we doubt if the Southampton Railway is much used for other purposes than those of absolute necessity; and yet it is a railway which leads to all sorts of attractive

varieties in nature and art. The scenery has many peculiarities, because the road is cut through many geological varieties—clay, sand, chalk, all through the "upper marine" sand formation; the views along the road are remarkably attractive for a character of romantic wildness, which no other railway near to London offers. But it is time we leave the railway, and deposit ourselves at Winchester, trusting that the practical result of these observations may at some future time enable the reader to make a day's excursion to the ancient city for a sum of 10s. there and back, which might be done with great profit to all parties. As we have before remarked, third class carriages start at seven in the morning from Nine Elms; but there are none to return by, so that the minimum of cost of carriage will be 18s. 6d.

The seven o'clock train arrives at Winchester in time to enable you to attend the morning service at the Cathedral,—not that the choir is too strong in numbers or too careful in the style of its performances; and we have been present when the anthem was curtailed of its due quantity, and diminished from five verses to a single verse—a mere accident, no doubt, yet begetting disagreeable impressions. Still our advice is to take the chance of all laxities of performance, and attend the service. It takes a good deal to strip the tones of the boys' soprano—heard only in cathedrals—of their fresh purity, devotional solemnity, and impressiveness.

Winchester, like our Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, has not imitated the good example of Norwich and Durham Cathedrals, and thrown open its doors to those who may desire to meditate within its walls, and the ordinary visitor is attended by a parroting vergier; but we understand that much liberality is shown by the Winton authorities in affording facilities to artists and others desirous of studying the building. The visitors of a single day are not among these classes, and must, therefore, be patient under the guidance of a vergier. For this class—rather than the architectural student—we shall point out a few of those features for which Winchester stands remarkable among English cathedrals, and which may be examined in the hasty glance which the presence of a vergier obviously imposes.

As at York, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, and almost every other ecclesiastical foundation of any magnitude, so here, the first Christian king, Lucius, is traditionally said to have been the founder of Winchester Cathedral. Here, indeed, authorities are quoted which give the actual height, breadth, and depth of the structure, which was dedicated by him to "the Holy Saviour"; and a flat grey marble monument, rising slightly above the ground before the entrance of the Lady Chapel, is shown as King Lucius's tomb. Milner, however, says that Bishop Geoffry de Lucy, who actually built this part about 1200, was buried here, and has been converted into King Lucius! King Lucius's church was thrown down by Diocletian, but again rebuilt, and then turned into a pagan temple by the victorious Cerdic, who was crowned here King of the West Saxons in 519. It became a Christian church again on the conversion of King Alfred, and rebuilt by him and his son Kenevalch in 548. This structure is said to have remained until the Danish conquest, when falling into decay, it was again restored by St. Ethelwold in 980. It is the opinion of Warton that a portion of St. Ethelwold's structure is still remaining at the east end of the church, near the tombs of Waynflete and Cardinal Beaufort; but Dr. Milner, a much better authority, is of opinion that "all that remains visible of the works of St. Ethelwold are the crypts themselves, or the chapel under the part that we have been speaking of, the walls, pillars, and groining of which remain in much the same state as he left them." These crypts are not generally visible. The building, however, which has been preserved to present times is substantially the work of the Norman prelate, Walkelin, which he completed between the years 1079 and 1093; for though William of Wykeham and others transformed the massive Norman masonry into a lighter and more florid work, still the low and heavy proportions of the whole fabric are really those of an early Norman period. Walkelin's architecture is left essentially untouched in the tower and the transepts. It is of a character as though it were to last till the end of the world, and will stand as a type of its age, when all the flimsy conceits of

present times—fit representatives, too, of its unstable and transition character—will have mingled again with their original dust. Looking at these wonderful, huge masses of masonry, we may understand how their author, as the chroniclers tell us, according to his Titanesque notions of building, actually cut down a whole forest to supply the necessary timber; and we may understand, too, how William of Wykeham found it a much easier task to pare down the huge pillars into other forms, than to remove them and construct new ones, when he saw fit to modernize the old Norman masonry. The comparatively light perpendicular work seems stumpy and disproportionate; even in the absence of technical knowledge, any eye must trace a singular resemblance between the proportions of the circular columns and romanesque arches of the transepts, and the clustered shafts and pointed arches of the nave. To our view Wykeham's work here seems like an involuntary cross between two opposite styles, and for this reason to be eschewed as a model.

It must be confessed, too, that Winchester, both outside and inside, in its general features is monotonous and heavy, and will not bear comparison with Westminster Abbey, or York, or Canterbury, for variety and picturesque beauty; in its exterior especially, which is bald, wanting those necessary adjuncts—cloisters and a chapter-house. The scrubbing off the coats of whitewash gives the masonry a freshness which is at variance with the general associations suggested by the building. This is not only the case here, but in most cathedrals in this age of restoration. Happily Westminster Abbey has escaped all wash, excepting the leaden wash of Chantry in the south transept, and has thus retained a venerable charm and beauty in its colouring, and in the effects of its lights and shadows, which place it on the highest pinnacle of picturesqueness. Still there are parts of Winchester of unrivalled beauty. The chantries of Beaufort, Waynflete, and Fox are all consummate specimens of intricate elegance, and each one worthy of minute study; but the full effect of them is wanting, so long as they are deficient in colour. The visitor, when near to Fox's chantry, will not pass without observation the uncouth medley of Grecian and Gothic forms, displayed in the chantry of Bishop Gardiner. The chapels in the east of the Cathedral abound in rebuses, of which an amusing collection might be made. Thus, to commemorate Bishop Langton, there is the long musical note inserted in a *tun*; and a vine growing out of a *tun*, represents his see of Winton. Prior Hentun is represented by a *hen* on a *tun*, and Prior Silkstede by a *shekin* of *silk* and a *stead*. Winchester is rich too beyond most cathedrals in the remnants of its caustic tiles: "some call them caustic, Sir, and some the tessellated mosaic," as the vergier told us. And here we may record the great learning which these functionaries seem to be imbibing, and which is a sign of the growth of public interest and knowledge in such subjects. Our friend here seemed quite aware that a painting on a stone wall was not a fresco; and at St. Cross we found the brother porter studying Bloxam's Architecture, and ready for an argument on the peculiarities of Norman ornaments. Winchester was a chosen place of sepulchre for the Saxon kings; and the visitor will see the mortuary chests, containing the bones of the Saxon monarchs, which Bishop Fox collected together, and placed above the screens, by which he separated the sanctuary from the aisles. The highly-decorated altar, covered with canopies, but stripped of images, will call to mind that at St. Alban's Abbey, to which it has a strong general resemblance; and the tameness of West's altar painting of the Raising of Lazarus, and its inaptness to its present locality, will not be passed unheeded. The apse of this cathedral is not imposing, and is far outstripped by that of Westminster Abbey.

The eastern extremity of the church consists of three chapels, each of which has some peculiarity worth notice. The southernmost for its florid oak panelling, in which the motto of "Laus tibi, Christe," repeated endlessly, is mixed in rich confusion with grapes, vines, armorial bearings, &c. Abbot Langton's altar tomb has been stripped of its brass effigies, of which species of monument Winchester does not possess a solitary specimen. The centre chapel is called the Lady Chapel, partly built by Geoffry De

Lucy, of the thirteenth century, and completed by Prior Silkstede, of the sixteenth. The remains of Honest Isaak Walton, who died at Winchester, rest in this chapel. Remnants of numerous paintings on the walls may still be traced around this chapel: they have been called 'Frescoes,' but even the vergier knows better than that now-a-days. The colouring does not appear to have been very bright at any time, and the outlines throughout are hard and strongly marked. The subjects, which are given in Carter's specimens of ancient sculpture and painting, allude to miracles wrought by the interposition of the Virgin, and are fully set out in Dr. Milner's historical account of the cathedral, a cheap and excellent guide-book, with which the visitor should provide himself. Considering that this work was written at the end of the last century, it is remarkable for the general soundness of its architectural criticism, and the apprehension of correct principles in art. A handsome old chair covered with velvet, remains in this chapel, and is said to have been Queen Mary's seat at her marriage with Philip of Spain, which was solemnized here. There is a miserable painted Grecian altar-piece in this chapel—the removal of which would be a good deed—and but one modern monument, a kneeling figure to the memory of Dr. Brownlow North, executed by Chantrey, not so sculpturesque as picturesque, and said to be a capital likeness. In the adjoining chapel, on the north, which is said by Milner to have been dedicated to the guardian angels, the paintings on the vaultings, being medallions encircling angels and blue stars, are very perfect. The colours are still quite bright, and it would seem to us to have furnished a general model for the decorations on the ceiling at the Temple Church. But the most interesting of all the ancient paintings in Winchester are those in a gloomy chapel below the organ stairs in the north transept. They seem to us more like genuine frescoes than any we have yet found in any ecclesiastical building. They are indisputably on a thick coat of plaster, laid on the masonry, and the colours do not appear to be easily removable from the mortar. The nature of our visit, and want of sufficient light, did not enable us to detect any junctions in the mortar, the existence of which would decide the question of their being fresco, but having called attention to this point, some one enjoying the means of full examination will perhaps determine it. These paintings appear to be the oldest existing in the church; they are, without doubt, on one of the oldest parts. The subjects represent the descent of Christ from the Cross, the laying the body in the Sepulchre; Christ's appearance to Mary Magdalen, &c.; and hence the chapel is called that of the Holy Sepulchre. Fragments of other paintings may be traced on the walls of the north transept.

Winchester Cathedral has not suffered much (though it has not altogether escaped) by the insertion of impertinent modern monuments. Among the best, rather happily located, is Mr. Richard Westmacott's monument to Bishop Tomline, in the nave. The remains of stained glass are few, and are limited to the east and west windows; in the former they are not very early, but are sufficiently perfect to exhibit their depth of colouring and brilliancy; whilst the latter exhibits a sort of patchwork of fragments culled from all parts, and mingled in the same incongruity as old ladies make counterpanes.

As the visitor passes into the nave from seeing the eastern part, he must not neglect to examine Wykeham's chantry, which though it has been despoiled of many of its images, and ornaments, and colouring, is yet a model of symmetrical beauty. Wykeham's marble effigy rests upon an altar tomb in full episcopal dress, with mitre, crozier, tunic, alb, &c., his head supported by two angels, and the figures of three monks are at his feet. Another object deserving of note in the nave, is the ancient font, of which the Society of Antiquaries has engraved two plates. Milner calls this font the 'Crux Antiquarium,' or Puzzle of Antiquaries, and sets forth at length the theories formed upon the meaning of the rude sculptures on its square sides. Some suppose them to represent the history of St. Birinus, the apostle of the West Saxons, and consider it the workmanship of the seventh century. "But this," says Dr. Milner, "is evidently dating it too far backward, for certainly baptism by immersion, which was

performed by means of a bath made for this purpose, in a building distinct from the church itself, called a baptistry, was the practice in this kingdom, as well as in other parts of the church, at the time in question, and for above two centuries later. Now the font before us is not calculated for this mode of baptizing, but rather for that of infusion or aspersion." The Doctor's own notion on the hieroglyphics is, that they allude to the miracles of St. Nicholas, of Myra, who lived in the fourth century, and was the patron saint of little children. But we can do no more at present than call attention to the font itself, which is large and square, formed out of a sort of serpentine marble, resting on a circular grooved pillar and four smaller pillars. We shall avail ourselves of a passage from Dr. Milner to lead us out of the cathedral. It carries us back to the time when the cathedral was a much more magnificent show-place than it is in the present age. "The only remaining object that claims our attention in the north aisle, previously to our quitting the cathedral, is the tribune which closes the upper part of it at the western extremity, being of the same workmanship with the rest of Wykeham's fabric, and of course part of his original plan. This is at present made use of as an ecclesiastical court, but seems to have been erected in order to contain the extraordinary minstrels who performed on grand occasions, when some prelate, legate, or king was received at the cathedral in solemn state by a procession of the whole convent. At such times the cross-bearers, acolyths, and thurifers led the way, the bishop, prior, and other dignified clergy in their proper insignia and the richest vestments, closing the ranks. In the meantime, the church was hung from one end to the other with gorgeous tapestry, representing religious subjects, the large hooks for supporting which still remain fixed to the inside of the great columns; the altars dazzled the beholders with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones, the lustre of which was heightened by the blaze of a thousand wax lights, whilst the well-tuned voices of a numerous choir, in chosen psalms and anthems, gave life and meaning to the various minstrelsy that was performed in this tribune."

The path of the visitor to the college is across the southern precinct of the cathedral, over a trimly-kept green lawn, inclosed by the most comfortable and spacious residences, suggestive of the best of creature comforts. Indeed, the whole air of the parts immediately contiguous to the cathedral is so extremely orderly and respectable, that something of the picturesque is lost thereby.

We have next, as part of our day's excursion, to proceed to Wykeham's College, thence over the meadows to the hospital of St. Cross, back by the old castle walls along the banks of the Itchen, and then to climb one of the chalk heights to get a bird's-eye view of the city; and though time may be found for all this in one day, sufficient space to give even a compressed account of the hasty glances cannot be found in one paper of the *Athenæum*, so the rest of our Winchester Excursion must remain due for the present.

SIR JOHN HIRSCHTEL ON THE REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HIRSCHTEL.

Sir,—In your report of Dr. Robinson's speech at the close of the Meeting of the British Association, at Cork [*ante*, p. 866], there occurs a passage which induces me to trouble you with a few remarks. Agreeing with Dr. Robinson most cordially in the very high praise which he bestows on Lord Rosse's great achievements in the construction of reflecting telescopes, and filled, no less than himself, with wonder and admiration at his Lordship's last astonishing effort, I cannot but think that, considering the eloquent speaker's unlimited command of language, he might have found abundant means of illustrating a subject so capable of standing on its own merits without going out of his way to apply to the greatest work of the kind which had previously been executed an epithet both derogatory and unjust. I allude to the reflecting telescope, of four feet aperture and forty feet in focal length, constructed by the late Sir William Herschel; which instrument, Dr. Robinson is reported to have said, "however honourable to the astronomer and the king who constructed it, must be regarded as a failure;" the sense in which it is to be so regarded being (as the context shows) that of its

performance as an optical instrument; and the question brought into issue being the adequacy of the methods invented and practised by its constructor to communicate a satisfactory figure and polish to reflectors of a large size.

Now, Sir, I contend that an instrument cannot, either optically or astronomically speaking, be justly termed a failure which, *the very first moment* that it was turned upon the heavens for the purpose of astronomical observation, added a new body to the solar system; a discovery which is recorded by its author in these words:—"In hopes of great success with my forty feet speculum, I deferred the attack upon Saturn till that should be finished, and, having taken an early opportunity of directing it to Saturn, the very first moment that I saw the planet, I was presented with a view of six of its satellites, in such a situation and so bright as rendered it impossible to mistake or not to see them."

The sixth satellite of Saturn may, however, be seen, under favourable atmospheric circumstances, with a reflector of eighteen inches aperture, without the observer being previously advertized, by calculation, of its exact place; and was, in fact, so seen, on one occasion, at least, previous to this its distinct recognition as a satellite, with the larger telescope, being then, however, noticed only as a star accidentally near the planet. But the *seventh* satellite, whose discovery, with the forty-feet reflector, followed that of the sixth within less than a month, is an object of a far higher order of difficulty, and could not possibly have been detected with any other telescope then in existence.

But as an unequivocal proof of excellent performance of the speculum in question, I come to what I believe every astronomer at all familiar with the action of large telescopes will regard as a *tour de force*, an unequivocal proof of great perfection having been attained in the figure of the mirror. The following is the record of the observation to which I allude. "Oct. 16. I followed the sixth and seventh satellites up to the very disc of the planet, and the ring, which was extremely faint, [this was at a time when the ring was invisible in all other existing telescopes] *opposed no manner of obstruction to my seeing them gradually approach the disc, where the seventh vanished at 21^h 46^m 44^s and the sixth at 22^h 36^m 44^s*." The disappearance of the seventh satellite behind the disc of Saturn occurs at least once every twenty-four hours, and to show it in the act of entering on the disc or passing behind it, may, and probably will, be an every-day performance for a reflector of six feet in diameter, but until this beautiful phenomenon shall have been exhibited by some reflector of such dimensions as Dr. R. would term "comparatively diminutive," I shall continue to protest against the term *failure* as applied to the forty-feet.

Though exceedingly anxious in this communication to avoid any the slightest appearance of comment on Lord Rosse's combinations, which, so far as I understand them, appear admirably good, yet when Dr. Robinson remarks on the principle of obviating flexure by uniform support of every point of the mirror in the act of observation, as a thing "never before thought of," I cannot help observing, as respects my own practice, that I have long been aware of the extreme importance of this principle, and constantly acted upon it in all my observations, at least since the year 1829, in a manner at once the most simple, effectual, and *un-costly* which I believe it possible to devise. For details, however, and for the mode of obviating the only inconvenience (but that a most formidable one) which the principle of uniform support is apt to induce in practical observation, I must refer to my forthcoming work on the Southern Hemisphere, in the introductory chapters of which several paragraphs are devoted to the discussion of the causes which prevent perfect action in reflectors, and the means of obviating them, and the comparison, in respect of these causes, between reflecting and refracting telescopes. I have the honour to be, &c.

J. F. W. HIRSCHTEL.

Collingwood Sept. 27, 1843.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cairo, August 23rd.

THE Nile has risen three inches since yesterday: it is now by the Nilometer of the island of Roda 19 cubits 14 inches: so it is reported by the crier. Yesterday I was on the island, and our countryman, Mr.

Trail, the man who has converted a large portion of the island into a garden, showed me a plant, from Yemen, the leaves of which are masticated by the people of that part of Asia, and said to produce sleeplessness, talkativeness, and a liveliness quite amiable. It has none of the bad effects of opium. Who knows, but it may become as universal in the west as tobacco in the east, a kind of counter present which the east makes for the tobacco."

Aug. 25.—The Nile has not risen to-day one single inch. A few days ago I happened to be at the English hotel, where also were several other Englishmen. It was proposed to send for the celebrated conjuror—the very same man who performed the wonders described by Lord Prudhoe, Lane, and others. I knew him again, although he did not know me. The first act of imposition he performed, was to demand a dollar, 20 piastres, to buy the necessary perfumes for the incantation: he was offered a piece of 9 piastres which he said was insufficient: some one then handed to him the 20 piastres, and he sent his son into the market, who returned with a farthing's worth of frankincense and a farthing's worth of coriander seeds. A boy was then sent for, who was placed in a chair in the midst of us, a chafing dish with some charcoal under his nose on the ground; certain sentences were then written on a piece of paper, which was torn sentence by sentence and so burned, the conjuror throwing into the fire, at the same time, some seeds and crumbs of frankincense and muttering the incantation. I forgot to say, that he had already drawn on the boy's right palm a square figure with some Arabic numbers in the corners, and a pool of ink in the centre, in which the boy was ordered to look, inhaling, at the same time all the fumes of the incense, the seeds and the burning paper. He was then asked if he saw a man sweeping; when he had said yes, he was told to bid the Chouish (servants who attend persons of dignity) to bring a tent and put it up: this being done, (all seen distinctly in the spot of ink) he was told to send one of the men for the sultan, and when he had arrived on a white horse, attended by a numerous retinue, and coffee had been given him, he was then ready to call and to make appear, in the presence of the sultan, any person that he desired him to see, and we were to judge, from the description the boy gave of the person thus summoned to appear, of the efficacy of the incantation. The old conjuror continued all the while, at intervals, to throw more of the incense and seeds into the fire. Mr. C— proposed that the boy should see Mr. Farish, whom he forthwith described as visible in the ink, dressed in a straw hat, white trousers and black coat, with yellow hair, reddish face, of middle stature, and without spectacles; he afterwards saw and described Sir H. Harding, as neither fat nor thin, with white trousers and waistcoat, hands and feet entire. I need not trouble you with all the people we summoned with various success, the boy having shrewdness enough, from the leading questions which were put to him, to make now and then a tolerable guess: there were, however, two others, the Sultan of Rome and Mr. O'Connell. Pope Gregory XII. came on a white horse, dressed like a Frank, with white trousers and a hat: Mr. O'Connell wore a hat with gold lace, was neither fat nor thin, without a beard and quite a lad. We had had enough by this time, and the boy was dismissed, taking with him a gold piece which the old impostor had asked one of the bystanders to give him, it being necessary, for the

* The Kät plant, supposed by some late writers to be the Tea plant. But the Editor of the *Gardener's Chronicle* observes:—"This plant is not Tea, but the *Catha edulis* Forsk., now called *Colastrum edulis*. According to that author it is the Kät or Gät of the Arabs, by whom it is cultivated in Yemen along with Coffee. They eat the green leaves with greediness, believing them to have the power of causing extreme watchfulness, so that a man may stand sentry all night long without drowsiness. They also regard it as an antidote to the plague, and assert that a person wearing a twig of it in his bosom, may go among the infected with impunity: they even believe that the plague cannot appear in places where the tree is cultivated. 'Nevertheless,' says Forsk., 'the taste of the leaves does not seem to indicate such virtues. The leaves gathered when the plant is three years old, are sold as Kät mubarrak, or inferior Kät. The following year the young shoots are gathered, and fetch a higher price. They taste like a fresh filbert. The Kät, when quite fresh, is very intoxicating' (Botta, *Voyage dans l'Yemen*, p. 99); but its ordinary effect is to exhilarate the spirits, to promote good humour and vivacity of mind. We have tried the quality of the infusion in hot water, but are unable to say anything in its favour."

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success of the operation, that the piece of money should have a hole in it. We then paid the conjuror 10 piales a piece and dismissed him, thoroughly satisfied that the great secret of his art resides rather in the willingness of our countrymen to be deceived than in any merit of his, beyond that of getting a good deal of money, if merit it be. On one occasion lately the Prince of Wales was summoned to appear, and was described as a middle-aged man with mustachios, but no beard, white trowsers, black coat, straw hat, in short, the usual dress of the Franks of Cairo. It might happen that our young Prince did wear a straw hat, and if nothing had been said about the mustachios, age, &c., this would have been willingly accepted as a proof of the conjuror's intimacy with the Prince of Deceivers, with whom, I can assure you, he has no further connexion than any countryman of his would be glad to have, on the same terms—that is, of getting money out of the pockets of the Franks by false pretences.

Aug. 28.—Yesterday morning I was on the island of Roda: the Nile has not risen these two or three days.—Mr. Traill gave me some of the extraordinary tree I have spoken of, specimens of which I will bring over to Europe. I persuaded Traill to plant a great deal more of it. The Prussian expedition is at Bene Souef,—a remarkable word, which has a meaning in Arabic most probably from its position. Souef signifies the throat; the town being situated on the banks of the Nile, just where the Bahr nouf branches off to supply the Faioum. The inhabitants of this province being chiefly composed of Arabs of the desert, they are distinguished from their neighbours by the name of Bene Souef, the sons of the throat, of the province of the throat. I think I told you of one of the members being so ill that he was ordered to return to Europe. The mission is now reduced to the doctor, the architect, and two draughtsmen, and the clergyman Abeken, who does not belong to it, but intends to accompany the doctor.—*en ami.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THERE is a kind of secular desecration often committed with impunity, but against which we beg to launch a few gentle anathemas. It consists in destroying, defacing, or defiling edifices, and monuments, either than ecclesiastical, though sanctified by the *mens divinus* that bodied them forth, and still lingers about them. Such acts of sacrilege our most regular churchmen perpetrate daily, and we signalize one for its pre-eminent shamefulness: a work of England's sovereign architect, Sir Christopher Wren, endures injuries and ignominious usage which the Puritans themselves would have spared it, even had it been a cathedral. His so-christened "College of Physicians" is now degraded into a Butchery! What call you this but profaning it? At worst it was built for slayers of men, not of beasts. Had it no better claim upon national reverence and care, it merits both as the scene of Garth's "Dispensary," as an architectonic illustration of his poem—

Not far from that most celebrated place
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,*
Where little villains must submit to fate
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a Dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height—
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame!
Had the poet turned another Sibylline leaf, he
would have found something like this addition—

Though doomed, in future times, to be debased
By some vile use, ignoble as their taste!
The structure has intrinsic pretensions to honourable
treatment, being considered a perfect specimen of
architectural fitness, so that its very deformities
became, like a camel's hunch or swine's snout,
beautiful provisions for their purposes. We cannot
pronounce the high peaked lantern more than a
masterpiece of ugly utility, but this feature excepted,
the elevation displays much merit in the Italian style.
Garth has a fling at the gilt ball—

A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill!
Yet nothing could be more appropriate, and perhaps
Sir Christopher, who had a dry humour of his own,
intended the covert allusion, which Garth but inter-
preted. This fabric, when the Physicians removed to
Ball Mall East, became an "Equitable Loan" office,

* The Old Bailey.

and is at present divided between a brazier and, as we said, a shambles in Newgate Market! The sublimest modern architect since Michaelangelo his grimest countrymen leave unhonoured by statue or memorial, save a common hearth-stone flag, over his dust, huddled into a subterranean corner of St. Paul's; nor will even conserve, nor preserve from unseemliest uses the monuments he raised to, though not for, himself,—which enshrine his genius, and breathe its spirit. Well done, Progress of Civilization! Our city authorities keep this admirable work as much hidden as if it were one of their own misdeeds—let it remain smothered up amidst offal and ordure, yea, amidst sluttishness so rank it smells to heaven, albeit perhaps myrrh and cassia unto their nostrils. Warton talks about "Architecture, like Milton's lion pawing to get free." A somewhat capricious image, whether it is the patron-Goddess that "paws" or the material object, but were such a thing possible, Wren's college would certainly make a prodigious scramble to get free from its very unwholesome position. Indeed, the entire district adjacent seems a storehouse of abominations; its uncleanness must corrupt the very atmosphere; an effluvia which might beget a second Great Plague, renders each thoroughfare almost impassable, except to persons with false noses or none. Near Warwick Lane, where the ci-devant Temple of the Healing Art stands, Pestilence has now her chief depot of garbage, filth, and putrefaction: an arm of the New River turned thro' this Augean stable would scarce be sufficient to cleanse it. We acknowledge the street-nuisance so common in London above all other capitals—buthers' shops—and often do we perform most eccentric curves to keep these foci radiating evil smells, at remotest distance possible; but London markets are as bad as London church-yards, both exuding impalpable moisture pregnant with miasma; both evaporating a veritable slow poison more or less sucked up by the spongy lungs of our fellow-citizens east-ward. West-endians ourselves, we speak without interest, except for them and the general weal. Slaughter-houses, at least, should be banished, like cemeteries, to the suburbs, and made equally decorative there if desirable; our fellow-citizens, however, appear little less charmed with the neighbourhood of both than if they were beds of London-pride, and love-lies-bleeding. *De gustibus et disgustibus non est disputandum!* This has not been a crying abuse, but long time a silent one, and wanted the tongue which an organ of the press might lend it; we trust it will now make itself heard.

Public attention has been for some time past attracted to the subject of Etruscan Sepulchral Monuments. Amidst the vast variety which the precincts

of Etruria contain, those of Castel d'Asso occupy a prominent place, and must have been impressed on the mind of the general reader by the lively description of Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Of this class of tombs, however, (which it will be remembered are situated in a picturesque valley, and decorated with an architectural façade, sculptured in the natural rock,) Castel d'Asso is by no means a solitary instance. The ravines of Norchia afford examples far more interesting to the archaeologist, and Bilda presents them in greater variety, if not of equal importance. It has hitherto been thought, amongst archaeologists, that this sort of tomb was found only in a district of ancient Etruria, now included in the pontifical states; we have just been informed that some have recently been discovered in Tuscany.

Mr. S. J. Ainsley, an artist who has been occupied for some time in examining the sites of Etruscan cities, with the object of making drawings for an illustrative work which he contemplates publishing, amongst others visited those which are found in the Tuscan Maremma. In passing from Saturnia, a well ascertained Etruscan site, at the south-western corner of Tuscany to Chiusi, his road lay near the almost deserted town of Sovana, anciently Suana. Nothing was known of Etruscan antiquities at that place, and little mention is made of it in works treating of the topography of those parts: he, however, determined to visit it. He there found numerous sepulchres, decorated with architectural façades, similar to those of Castel d'Asso, and others very superior in interest and picturesque beauty. The first which he discovered is in the form of the portico of a temple. It has consisted of four fluted columns, of which the left hand corner one still stands, supporting a part of the pediment. Too little of this remains to show in what manner it has been decorated; but behind the column, attached to the smooth surface of the rock, representing the body of the temple, is a pilaster, fluted to correspond with the column, and with a similar capital; the design of which, although much injured by time, is still traceable. Another of the monuments is unlike anything hitherto known. It is a large and somewhat detached rock, which has been sculptured into something resembling a fountain. Its lower division, the surface of which has been chiselled quite smooth, has an arch hollowed out in it. This is surmounted by a frieze, which resembles more a rude Doric than any other order. Above it, without any interposed cornice, rises a sort of pediment, sculptured in bas-relief, with various emblematic figures, similar, on a large scale, to what are frequently found on the sepulchral urns or small cinerary sarcophagi of Volterra. There are evident indications that both these are sepulchres. There are other tombs, we understand, of a novel and interesting character, though not equal in importance to the two already described, and the inscriptions are numerous. In short, in no other place of Etruria is so great a variety found; while at the same time it possesses examples not to be found elsewhere. We hope the public will be soon favoured with a more detailed description of these interesting curiosities.

The committee of the Stoddart and Conolly Fund have applied to Lord Aberdeen, for the sanction and the aid of government, and we are glad to hear that his Lordship has promised every assistance in his power to Dr. Wolff, in his mission to Bokhara.

The student of Eastern literature will learn with pleasure that an opportunity is about to be afforded him, not only of securing many valuable works on the subject, but at the same time mementos of one of the fathers of Eastern lore, the late Dr. Gesenius, whose library will be sold by public auction on the 16th of January, and following days. The collection consists of the best works on biblical interpretation and ecclesiastical history, all the best Latin and Greek authors, besides the chief works extant in the Arabic, Æthiopic, Amharic, Syriac, Phœnician, Egyptian, Hebrew, Coptic, and other Oriental languages. Catalogues are, we believe, to be obtained of Messrs. Williams & Norgate, the foreign booksellers.

The season of the two patent theatres commences simultaneously; Drury Lane opening to-night and Covent Garden on Monday. The opera corps at Drury Lane includes all the available talent on our stage, H. Phillips excepted.—Mrs. Alfred Shaw and Madame Albertazzi, Miss Romer and Miss Rainforth, Messrs. Giubelei, Stretton, Leffler, Harrison, and

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Templeton, and Herr Brandt, a German tenor. Mr. Benedict is the musical director; and new English operas, as well as versions of Italian and German operas are promised. The principal novelty of the opening night is the new ballet from the Académie at Paris, 'The Peri,' in which Carlotta Grist and M. Petipas are the principal dancers. Covent Garden propitiates the public by an appeal to the economical tendencies developed by the Income Tax, in the shape of a reduction of prices; the dress boxes being 5s., the upper circles 3s. 6d., the pit 2s. 6d., and the gallery as before, 1s., with proportionate half-prices. The play is 'Woman,' a serious drama, by Mr. Bourcicault, the cast of which includes Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, Messrs. Anderson and Phelps, and Miss Cooper: it will be followed by two new farces, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and other favourites will appear. Other new pieces are already promised, and the manager seems determined to provide a constant supply of novelties. The Adelphi and the Olympic also open on Monday, as usual at Michaelmas. The Haymarket, which has produced nothing new, since our last mention of it, but very dull farce, called 'News from China,' must now bestir itself to meet the competition of its rivals.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. REVOUX, and the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. HOUTON. Opened from Tenth Floor.—N.B. A GRAND MACHINE ORGAN has been constructed expressly for this Exhibition, by Messrs. Gray and Davison, of the New-road, and will perform the Gloria, from Haydn's Service, No. 1, during the midnight effect of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

RE-OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—FIRST PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF Two important Discoveries in Science, viz.—ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, which will be exhibited Daily at Three o'clock, and at Eight in the Evening; and LONGBOTTOM'S OPAQUE MICROSCOPE, showing Objects in NATURAL HISTORY in all their varied Colours. LECTURES Daily on CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY by Dr. Ryan and Prof. Bachofner. The arrangement of the OPTICAL DEPARTMENT is under the management of Mr. Goddard. DIS-SOLVING VIEWS and COSMORAMIC PICTURES, MODELS of all kinds of MACHINERY in MOTION, DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. Conductor of the Band, T. Wallis, Mus. Doc. Open Mornings and Evenings, except Saturday Evenings. Admission 1s.—Schools Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Sept. 19.—G. Bain, Esq., in the chair. The Rev. R. C. Jenkins, C. R. Read, Esq., Mr. J. Youell, and Mr. J. Backhouse, were elected Fellows. From Mr. Mills was a cucumber, named Jewess, (an early forcing sort,) measuring in length 24½ inches, and 3½ inches in diameter; the stem on which it grew was 3½ inches in circumference immediately above the ground.—T. Sowerby, Esq., sent a dish of Keen's Seedling Strawberries, highly-coloured and of excellent quality, being a second crop and gathered from plants that had been forced in spring; it was stated that he has been gathering fruit from them for more than three weeks past, and expects them to continue bearing until checked by the frosty nights. There is, however, nothing new in the system, although it is not generally adopted. From three years' experience, he adds, he finds a good crop now will not prevent the plants from bearing abundantly in the succeeding season, and that, moreover, that his best fruit during the months of June and July is generally obtained from plants that had been turned out of their forcing-pots in the preceding year; a certificate was awarded.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—September.—E. Doubleday, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Dr. Becker, of Wiesbaden, exhibited specimens of *Papilio Seemander*, and another apparently new species of the same genus from South America. Mr. Evans exhibited specimens illustrating the transformations of *Mamestra brassicae* and *Euthalia impluviata*. The following papers were read: 1. Notice of a Gynandromorphous individual of *Smerinthus popule* in which the characters of the two sexes were singularly intermixed, by Mr. G. A. Thrupp. 2. Description of an ancient Irish amulet made in the form of, and used as a charm against the murren caterpillar, communicated by Mr. Evans. 3. Descriptions of some new exotic Spiders, and notices of the economy of other species of the same tribe, by Mr. A. White.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Horticultural Society, 3 p.m.
THURS. Zoological Society, 8—General Business.
WED. Botanical Society, 8.

MISCELLANEA

The Pacific.—A letter from Stockholm states that a Swedish brig, freighted by an English firm at Port Philip to visit the small islands of the Pacific, touched at some islands probably not visited since Cook's time, and others not to be found in our maps, which the captain took possession of in the name of the King of Sweden. The inhabitants were a mild race, ignorant of the use of iron, and ready to give a turtle for even a rusty nail. They were also fond of bits of glass, and would remain for three or four hours shaving themselves with pieces of broken bottles. A single musket shot was sufficient to disperse thousands of them—a proof that they had not before been visited by Europeans. The king of one of the islands presented the captain with his sceptre, made of wood artistically carved, and having a thin circle of jasper on the top. A name was given by the captain to each of these isles, after some member of the royal family of Sweden, and a quantity of plants, and tools made of stone and wood, have been brought home.

Antiquarian Discoveries.—The Times gives an account of a discovery lately made in working a sand quarry on that part of Penrith Fell, in Cumberland, called "the Intack." In digging, the workmen came to a heap of cobble and freestones, on the removal of which was found a large freestone slab, on lifting which they discovered a freestone trough, filled with sand, among which were pieces of bones that appeared to be human. In the east corner of the receptacle was placed an earthen jar, or urn, without handles, neatly carved, but without date or inscription. From the shape of the jar, which is a little broken, and the nature of the material, it may be presumed to be of Roman origin.—From the *Kentish Observer* we learn that some investigations are in progress at Richborough Castle, under the direction of Mr. Rolfe of Sandwich. It appears that an excavation was commenced in 1822, to ascertain the state of a subterranean well and passage said to exist. The excavations were for a time abandoned but have lately been renewed. One or two passages have been broken into, and a long and thick wall has been met with, which the workmen are still employed in breaking through. Nothing of interest was found in the passages except the under part of a Roman vessel of clay, having three legs, probably used for cooking, and a few bones. Some marble has been turned up, of exquisite whiteness, in large and small fragments, one piece measuring 2 feet by 1½ foot, worked with mouldings; it was found about 18 inches below the surface in sinking the shaft.

A Portable Light-house.—An invention has recently been made, for showing the position of a ship in danger, and thus directing the movements of persons attempting to give assistance from the shore. It consists of a composition, which when ignited gives a very distinct and brilliant light, and has been tried, it is said, with success at the Goldstone, where the *Pegasus* was wrecked.

Day's Windguard.—Mr. Day has submitted to us an invention for preventing that greatest of nuisances—a smoky chimney. It consists of a cap, to be placed on the top of the chimney, in which the openings whereby the smoke passes are guarded by plates of metal, in such a way that the smoke, instead of being driven by the wind down into the chimney, is blown out at the sides of these projecting plates. The contrivance seems to us to promise success, and its appearance is certainly an improvement on the variety of ugly fabrications for the prevention of smoke which decorate the chimney-tops of our houses.

Roman Remains.—Several chambers and baths have been discovered lately in the forest of Bretonne, in pursuing excavations begun in 1838. One chamber in particular has been found, fitted up most luxuriously. A fine mosaic with beautiful incrustations of water-birds has been found in it, several coins of Nero, Antoninus, Gallienus, Claudius, &c., together with a number of household vessels and ornaments of brass, iron, and ivory.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. J. E. will find an account of the Pneumatic, or Atmospheric, Railway in the volume of the *Athenæum* for 1835, p. 337.—Pro. Kugler's lecture has not been translated.—A correspondent suggests the following emendation in our British Association Report, Section D, p. 829: "Dr. Carpenter (in his paper on the structure of shells) did not state that the genus *Pandora* belonged to the Margaritaceæ; but that unlike its congeners, it agreed with that family in structure."

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